The Churchman.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

THE death of the Rev. Dr. James De Koven is the removal from the Church of one of her foremost educators. His work at Racine had been a great one. Called to the care of an institution of moderate proportions, he widened its scope, and deepened its scholarship, and elevated its religious character, until it took its place among the first schools of the Church. However widely he differed in theological opinions with many of the patrons of Racine, they all acknowledged, with deepest gratitude, his extraordinary success in shaping the mental and moral and religious characters of their sons. Racine College itself has been so far strengthened that Dr. De Koven felt that he had completed his work; and the college stands to-day the noble monument of the heaven-blessed labors of a man of singular purity and earnestness.

THE future of the reform movement in the Church of France is not yet written, and therefore man does not know it. It may be that the time has not yet come, in God's sight, when the Gallican Church is to be freed from papal tyranny, and the sad corruptions of doctrine which that tyranny has fastened upon her. But the present moment is one of great interest to all intelligent. earnest followers of Christ.

Whether Père Hyacinthe Loyson is to be the instrument by which this work is to be carried on or not, it is well to remember that at the best he will be only an instrument. However much he may have groped since he threw off the Romish obedience, he has recently shown that he has a profound appreciation of the true character of the Church of Christ, and of the Church in each land as a constituent element of it. He certainly merits the hearty coöperation of every well-wisher of the French Church.

THERE may be much preaching without any sermons, and there may be many sermons without any preaching. In other words, "preaching" and "sermons" are not synonymous terms. The Church ought to bear this in mind in the employment of her clergy. She ought to consider whether it is best to devote their strength to the preparation of discourses to be delivered in public Sunday by Sunday. Preaching is a means and not an end, and therefore it is to be varied and adapted to the accomplishment of its object. The fashions of the day, for instance, ought not to shut out of sight the original method of preaching, which was "from house to house." It is even possible that that preaching was more effective than the sermons of to-day. Possibly it would be more effective now. If so, it ought to be resorted to and encouraged even to the partial or complete abandonment of sermons. Let the Church remember that the conversion of men to a belief in Christ is the sole object for which she strives, and she must use the most effective means for that.

AT its last session congress passed a bill for the restriction of Chinese immigration, and but for the wisdom of our forefathers in giving the president a veto power, it would at this day have been the law of the land, though in direct violation of a most solemn treaty with a heathen nation, for which the Church has but lately consecrated a bishop, and is now endeavoring to raise money for the establishment of a theological college and the sending out of the requisite assistants.

Suppose the requisite aid should be sent, the college erected and opened with impressive ceremonies, and that the next day the Chinese should post this notice upon its walls:

"TO ALL AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

"'Do not unto others as ye would not that they should do unto you.' Confucius teaches us *this.* But one of your own bishops has petitioned your president to sign the act which was to have abrogated part of a most solemn treaty with us. *If such be the teachings of your Christianity, we wish none of it. Go! We abrogate the remainder of the treaty, and you have no longer a right to remain in our country.*"

But for the veto alluded to this might very properly have taken place.

May we not ask what is the Church's duty under the circumstances, when the nation's integrity is at stake? This is not a question of party, nor of politics only. It is simply this: Shall we, as a nation, keep our plighted faith?

Art. V. of the treaty of 1868 says that the contracting powers "cordially recognize the *inherent* and *inalienable* right of man to change his home and allegiance, and also the mutual advantage of the free migration and emigration of their citizens and subjects respectively from the one country to the other, for the purposes of curiosity, trade, or as permanent residents." . . .

And Art. VI. of the same treaty guarantees to citizens of the United States in China, and citizens of China visiting or residing in the United States, the same "privileges, immunities, and exemptions in respect to travel or residence as may then be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation."

That appears to be sound American doctrine, very plainly stated. And it seems to us to be insulting to Americans and Christians to propose that we shall consider the question as one of mere policy. Would not our country be better off with less policy and more Christianity? What does the Church of Christ teach on this subject? "Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance."

The country is now given to understand that the Chinese bill is to be introduced into Congress again, under various modified forms. Let us not be deceived; "the trail of the serpent is over them all."

There is but one honorable way for a nation to modify her treaties, and that is by negotiation. But even this method would in the present case involve the necessity of throwing overboard all our beautiful and truly American theories of the *inalienable rights of man.*

IN these days of special bibliographies and catalogues, we wish some trustworthy body of men and women would execute the humble and laborious but very useful work of preparing a churchly list of books to be recommended for parish and Sunday-school libraries. True, the needs and opportunities of one parish are not always those of another, and it would be difficult for anybody, however judicious, to prepare a list which would meet with universal acceptance; but it is the absence of all guides which now renders the work of those in charge of libraries so vexatious. We believe such a list could be made, and that it could be accompanied with sufficiently explanatory, though brief, comments on the books contained in it to enable a library committee to use it with discrimination.

A few years ago the American Social Science Association issued an excellent little pamphlet, entitled "Free Public Libraries," which, besides containing suggestions as to the organization and conduct of such libraries, gave a choice list of books in various departments which might form the basis for a new collection. There is also now in regular operation what is known as The Ladies' Commission, a voluntary committee of Unitarian ladies, who examine new books carefully, and publish from time to time lists of such books as they can recommend for their libraries.

Nothing ought to take the place of conscientious examination in each parish, but certainly the labor of those who are required to make this examination might easily be lightened by the existence of a *catalogue raisonnè* of Sunday-school books, drawn up independently of the publishers and booksellers, who are necessarily governed somewhat by commercial considerations in adding to

and retaining books on their lists. We would have such a catalogue exclude not only books of unhealthy character, but books incurably feeble, which are allowed to exist on the negative ground that they do no harm. They do a great deal of harm, by associating religion with inanity, and by weakening the taste and judgment of those who are fed upon them. Such a list might easily contain, even in supplementary form, the names of sound and wholesome books in general literature, not distinctively religious, for addition to parish libraries and for family reading.

INCREASE OF THE DIACONATE.

From all parts of the land comes up a cry for an increased ministry. Mainly this has reference, we think, to an enlargement such as the apostles had in view in Jerusalem when they declared that it was not reasonable that they should serve tables — that is, not reasonable under the changed condition of things. The increased number of the Christians involved an increase in the minor details and duties of the ministry. Precisely such a change has been going on here in our American Church. The number of believers is increasing; the ministry should increase in proportion. But how? Some say we want more bishops; some others declare that it is not bishops we need so much as priests. Strangely, the general thought stops there.

But the apostles solved the difficulty at Jerusalem in another manner. They addressed the congregation after this fashion: "Look ye out among you seven men, of honest report, and full of the Holy Ghost, *whom we may appoint over this business.*"

There has been a deal of anxiety upon the subject of which we are writing for many years. Bishops, priests, and laymen have written upon it; societies have been organized to meet it; sermons have been delivered in almost all the pulpits of the land in advocacy of an increase of the ministry.

After all, the Church has a wonderful likeness to the family, and the history of the one is strikingly similar to that of the other. The first housekeeping can be done with little help by the wife and her husband. By and by, as children and wealth increase, the household is proportionally enlarged with servants. So, in the early days of a national or local Church, the bishop and priest can easily minister to all its wants. But when a greater growth is reached, and the little one grown to be a thousand, *diaconos* added to *diaconos* will be necessary to *keep the work up to its proper spirit and life.* Cannot some difficulties be solved by an increase of the diaconate rather than, or as well as of, the episcopate and presbytery?

In England the proposal to revive the primitive use of the diaconate, and to admit to it laymen who would still support themselves by their ordinary occupations, has been received with such general approval that it seems more than probable that it will ere long be adopted. The *Guardian*, *Record*, and *Rock*, papers representing various schools of opinion, have published letters warmly advocating the scheme, and commend it for adoption, not only on its merits, but as offering almost the only available means of supplying the present need of increased strength among the clergy.

FALLACIES AND FALSITIES.

(*Continued.*)

We pass on to consider the teachings of Augustine. And here at once we meet two distinct topics: first, the unfounded claim that the great doctor of the west taught the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; secondly, the unquestionable fact that he put forth a view concerning the Virgin Mary not generally held in the earlier Church.

The passage relied on to prove that he held the dogma in question is found in chap. xlii. of his treatise "On Nature and Grace, against Pelagius." Pelagius had given a list of saints "who are declared not only not to have sinned, but to have lived righteously." The list began with Abel and ended with "the mother of our Lord and Saviour, who must be piously confessed to be without sin." After stating this, Augustine proceeds: "The holy Virgin Mary being, therefore, excepted, concerning whom, for the honor of the Lord, I desire to raise no question in treating of sin—for how do we know but more grace was given her who was counted worthy to conceive and bear Him who, it is manifest, had no sin, that she might conquer sin in every respect?—the Virgin alone, then, being excepted, if we could gather together in life all those holy men and women, and ask them whether they were sinless, what would they answer but what John the Apostle said, If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves?"

It is clear enough that Pelagius held the Virgin Mary to have been conceived without sin. He seems to have reasoned that this was necessary to assure the sinlessness of our Lord. Modern Romanists have argued after the same fashion. Only Pelagius, with a stricter logic than theirs, ran back his reasoning to its legitimate result, and denied original sin altogether.

What Augustine himself held could not be satisfactorily established had we only the passage just quoted for our guidance. It might, undoubtedly, be said, on the one hand, that "he leaves the sinlessness of the Blessed Virgin an open question, and that at the most he would exempt her from the charge only of actual, not of original, sin; nay, his words seem to contain a virtual denial of her immaculate conception; for it is difficult to see how a being, free from all tendency to sin, could need an extraordinary supply of grace to overcome it." But it might also be urged, on the other hand, that the question between him and Pelagius related not to actual, but to original sin; and, moreover, that the extremest advocates of Mary's exemption from the latter have always ascribed it to extraordinary grace. If the passage stood alone, no assured conclusion could be reached. But it does not stand alone. There are other places in which Augustine speaks directly to the point. And his uncertain words here must be read in the light of his clear and certain words elsewhere. To begin with, we have this peculiarly strong statement: "Let us, then, hold fast the unchangeable confession of faith. There is *only One* who was born without sin in likeness of the flesh of sin, lived without sin among the sins of others, and died without sin on account of our sins" (*Merits and Remission of Sins*, ii., 57). This, it will be observed, agrees with earlier teachings in the Church. Again he says, in words about the import of which there can be no doubt: "He then *alone* [Christ], even when made man, abiding God, never had any sin, nor took flesh of sin, although *from His mother's flesh of sin.* For what of flesh He took from her He cleansed it, either as He was about to take it, or when He did take it" (as above, ii., 38). And again: "The body of Christ, although it was taken from the flesh of a woman *who had been conceived from that layer* [*propagine*] *of the flesh of sin*, yet, because it was not so conceived in her as she had been conceived, neither was it flesh of sin, but likeness of flesh of sin" (*De Genes. ad lit.* 32). And again: "Mary, from Adam, died on account of sin; Adam died on account of sin; and the flesh of the Lord from Mary died for the effacing of sin" (Sermon ii. on Ps. xxxiv. 3). And finally: "We do not remove Mary from Satan by *the condition of her birth*, but because that condition is itself dissolved by the grace of her *re-birth*" (Against Julian, Lib. iv).

The man who wrote what has now been quoted—and much might have been added—could not have believed that Mary was conceived without sin. At the same time he did think it possible, perhaps probable, but assuredly not certain, that grace was given her so that she entirely overcame sin. And in this view he differs not only from Irenaeus, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, but from Clement and Cyril of Alexandria, and from Ambrose. It is a step toward an issue which Augustine could not have foreseen.

2. In coming, now, to Bernard and the middle ages, it is proper to recall some words of Father Ryder, which were quoted above. "The only theological contradictions," he says, "of that doctrine [the Immaculate Conception] I ever came across are the well-known passage from St. Thomas, together with *sundry other mediaeval authorities.*" "Sundry mediaeval authorities" is a phrase which may mean a very little or a very great deal. To a Romanist it ought to mean *something*, when the list includes such names as Bernard, Anselm, Hugo à S. Victor, Peter Lombard, Durandus, Alexander of Hales, Albertus Magnus, and Bonaventura, to name no more.

We have no room for extended quotations. Anselm and Bernard are the only ones from whom extracts will be given; and the rather because they are the only ones from whom we have the means of quoting—as has been done all along—at first hand. For the others we must refer our readers—if we have any—to Dr. Pusey's first letter to Dr. Newman.

In his "Cur Deus Homo" Anselm introduces this question: "In what way out of the sinful mass, that is, from the human race, the whole of which was infected with sin, God took a man without sin, as it were, the unleavened out of the leavened? For, although the conception of that man be in itself pure and without the sin of carnal delectation, yet the Virgin herself, from whom He

was taken, was conceived in iniquity and was born with original sin, since she too sinned in Adam, in whom all sinned." Now, in replying to this question, Anselm neither denies nor even challenges the positions of the last sentence in our quotation. He does not say—as a believer in the Immaculate Conception must have said—that there is no room for the question; that it has been answered, because original sin having stopped short at the Virgin there is no difficulty in understanding how it did not touch our Lord. Under such circumstances the negation of silence is tantamount to the most distinct affirmation.

The testimony of Bernard—the last of the fathers, as he is sometimes called—is frequently misrepresented. And as there is a little bit of history connected with the matter, that is brought into use and made to do yeoman's duty in misleading people as to what Bernard taught, it may be well to speak of that at once.

Some canons of Lyons, somewhere about 1140, got up a piece of "fancy ritualism," which they probably persuaded themselves was a Catholic usage, by celebrating the conception of the Virgin Mary as a festival. To them Bernard addressed a letter (Ep. clxxiv.), in which he says of the Church of Lyons that in it "have flourished severity of discipline, gravity of morals, ripeness of counsel, weight of authority, the note of antiquity"; and adds: "Especially in ecclesiastical offices, it has never been seen to acquiesce readily in sudden novelties, nor, as a Church full of judgment, ever to allow itself to be defaced by juvenile levity. Whence I greatly wonder that, at this time, some of you should have thought fit to change this excellent condition by introducing a new festal celebration, which is unknown to the ritual of the Church, which reason does not approve nor ancient tradition sanction." Some Romish writers have hereupon tried to make out that Bernard only condemned the new festival, while he held, after all, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The case, however, thus attempted to be made utterly breaks down. The words of Bernard are perfectly clear.

"Wherefore, although to some, yet few, of the sons of men has it been granted to be born with holiness; nevertheless, to be conceived so, too, has not been granted, in order that the prerogative of a holy conception might, verily, be reserved *to One* who might sanctify all, and coming alone without sin might effect a cleansing of sin. Therefore the Lord Jesus *alone* was conceived by the Holy Ghost, because He alone was holy before conception. *He being excepted*, that bears on *every other* born of Adam which one humbly and truly confessed of himself, 'I was conceived in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.'"

While, however, it is clear that Bernard does not hold the Virgin mother to have been conceived without sin, it is equally clear that he has advanced beyond the view of Augustine, that perhaps she had grace given her to entirely overcome sin.

Finding that Jeremiah was spoken of in Holy Scripture in these words, "Before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee" (Jer. i. 5), and that of John the Baptist it was said, "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb" (Luke i. 15), Bernard argued that they were sanctified before birth, and, therefore, born holy. Thus reasoning that what was granted to them would not be denied to the Virgin, he reached the conclusion that though conceived in sin, her birth was, by her being sanctified between conception and birth, holy. It was a mere speculation at the utmost; just one of those cases which Canon Liddon so well describes, and so justly condemns, when he says: We cannot "infer conclusion from conclusion, and project new assumptions as if they were premises, till at last we find ourselves soaring beyond the regions of fact into the regions of *a priori* reasoning, in which any conclusion is possible from any premises."

It is too obvious, however, to need much explanation how very far this theory, so to speak, goes beyond the view of Augustine, who limits the *being born* without sin to our Lord, as expressly as Bernard limits to Him the *being conceived* without sin.

It was not difficult to proceed from the position that Mary was not to be denied what it was claimed had been granted to Jeremiah and John Baptist to the further position that a *greater* privilege must be granted to her than was given to them. Another "assumption" is thus projected and made a "premise" for another *a priori* piece of reasoning. Thus, Lambruschini asks—of course it was asked a great deal earlier—"Can it be supposed that He [God] did not bestow on Mary a greater privilege than that which was granted to Jeremiah and John Baptist, sanctified in the maternal womb?"

To answer this question in the affirmative with a certain show of reasoning, the theory of two conceptions, or two instants in the process of conception, was devised: first, the *active* conception—that, namely, of the material body; and, secondly, the *passive* conception, when the soul was infused into the material body. The theory—and it is the merest theory—was that the *active* conception, indeed, might not be free from sin; but that in the *passive* conception the soul of Mary, "being united to the body, was, by virtue of the sanctifying grace in which it was created, entirely preserved from contracting the least shade of original sin." All this is quite as great an advance upon Bernard as his view was an advance upon Augustine.

It is easy to trace and to tabulate those changes of opinion of which we have spoken, and it is well worth the while to do it.

First, it was held that the Virgin Mary was conceived and born, like all others, save only One, in sin, and that she sinned.

Next came the opinion that though conceived and born in sin, grace was given her wholly to overcome sin.

Thirdly, it was held that though conceived in sin, she was sanctified before birth, and was, therefore, not *born* in sin.

Fourthly, it was thought that though conceived in sin as to her material body, she was, at the infusion of the soul into this body, "entirely preserved from contracting the least shade of original sin."

Finally, in the bull *Ineffabilis*, on the 8th of December, 1854, Pius IX. declared that his "predecessors, the Roman pontiffs," had "proscribed as false and most foreign to the intention of the Church the opinion of those who considered and affirmed that it was not the *conception itself*, but the *sanctification* to which devotion was paid by the Church. Nor did they think of treating more indulgently those who, in order to weaken the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, drawing a distinction between *the first* and *second instant and moment* of the conception, asserted that the conception was indeed celebrated, but not for the first instant and moment." In exact accordance with these words he further said: "We declare, pronounce, and define that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, *at the first instant of her conception*, by a singular privilege and grace of the Omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, *was preserved immaculate from all stain of original sin*, has been *revealed by God*, and therefore should firmly and constantly be believed by the faithful." The bull then placed all who denied all this under anathema!

Well might the Patriarch-elect of Alexandria say, in 1869, to the papal plenipotentiary, that this was "a dogma wholly unknown to the Church, a recent invention, therefore, and by no means a solitary one." As one thinks of it, and its possible, nay, probable, outcomes, one can only ask, "Lord, how long?"

MEN AND MONEY.

My Dear Dr. Twing: The recent article on "Men, not Money," was ingenious and striking, and contained a great truth; but it seemed to me to leave out an equally great complementary truth, and on that account to be liable to be misunderstood, and, possibly, to do harm.

How was it read by our worldly Christians, who are robbing God by withholding their tithes and offerings? The idea that it is not *money* that is wanted, but *men*, probably met their views, and encouraged them in their selfishness and their poor, meagre conception of their own Christian duty. They are content, perhaps proud, that we should have the men laboring in the mission fields, and therefore discharge themselves of all responsibility; *they* are not those for whom self-consecration is to be for a moment thought of. Self-consecration is for the missionaries, and will doubtless call forth aid for their work; but the missionaries may still be left to bear their burdens in loneliness, without sympathy and without help.

On what Gospel principle is it that self-consecration is required in missionaries, and not equally in all who are baptized into Christ? Why should those who go forth on missionary duty give their *lives* to the work, and they who remain behind give and do little or nothing? What is the measure of responsibility to every Christian, missionary and layman alike? What is, or should be, the Christian's highest privilege and joy? Is it not to give for Christ as He has given for us? Is it not, "Freely have ye received, freely give"? Are we not Christ's, soul and body, all that we have and are?

When you say, "Men are wanted, not money," it is true; but *what men?* Missionaries, indeed, are wanted. But where are we taught that clergymen are to be the only missionaries? All Christian people must have the self-consecration, zeal, and devotion in the work of Christ which we have been looking for too exclusively in the few who go into the work of the missionary jurisdictions at home and abroad. What the Church wants is the consecrated men and women, as well as the consecrated clergy.

It is true the apostolic missionaries "had no board of missions behind them in Jerusalem." But they had what was perhaps quite as good: they had laymen there who sold all their possessions and goods, and brought the price of the things that were sold and laid

them at the apostles' feet. They had men and women there, and in other Churches, who had learned in good faith to lay by in store on the Lord's day for the treasury of the Church, *as the* Lord *had prospered them.* The cause of the success of apostolic missions was not that the apostles and other ministers had all the zeal and self-consecration. The Church, indeed, grew out of the ministry, as the ministry was from Christ. But in all the orders of the Church, in "the vocation and ministry" of all Christians, there was the *same obligation*, equally felt and acted on in the measure of each one's ability, to further the missionary cause by the consecration of time, talents, money, or whatever gifts they had received as a trust from God for His service.

We *have* men in the field. They have gone forth when the Church has sent them. They are enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ—men whom, for their work's sake, Churchmen ought to sustain with all the money they ask for, and rejoice that God gives them the means and opportunity to do so. Why do they not? Why does not the argument, "Men, not money," hold?

The trouble with us in this country is largely this: Rich men do not, except in rare instances, realize that they are under any responsibility to God or man for the uses they make of their wealth. How few of them think, when they are throwing away money, squandering it in useless luxuries or in dissipation, that they are robbing God, whose it is! And yet these people seem sometimes to be almost encouraged to withhold their gifts for missions, *as* God *hath prospered them*, till all the poor are found to give their mites, till all the delinquent mission stations and feeble parishes have contributed, which they ought to do, for rich and poor alike should give regularly and systematically according to the ability which God giveth.

There are, as everybody knows, hundreds, yea, thousands, of men and women in the Church who could each, out of self-denials that would do them good, make them better and happier and more highly esteemed in the world—out of the mere ceasing to spend money for things of no use and for pleasures that are harmful—build chapels and rectories for a Territory, endow the schools or missions or the epi-copate of a jurisdiction, or do other like works of the greatest importance to the future of the Church of God. Why do they not? Is there no obligation upon *them* to be missionaries?

The argument seems valid: "Give us the men (missionaries) of self-consecration, and the money will follow them." But the men in the field are compelled to plead for money, though they would rather a thousand times give it, if they had it to give, than ask for it. But they who ought to give it simply close their ears. They have been so much annoyed by "beggars"! Efforts are even made to prevent the men from getting money for specific objects, lest the general treasury should suffer in consequence. "Specials" are, as far as possible, cut off, and the general funds are no greater. Is this to be wondered at? Under such policy of calculation, are the funds for missions likely to be greater?

Surely there cannot be a right feeling in regard to the responsibility of all in the support of missions. There must be a degree of practical error on this subject, which no increase of self-consecrated missionaries can correct, when the men in the field, who have deserved well of the Church, who have earned the right to speak and to plead, must ask and entreat Church people, whom God has blessed with abundant wealth, to help them to do work they are sent and expected to do, and to aid which the Church has provided no general agency; and the plea is regarded as an offence, the annoyance of it an intolerable grievance! Do not rectors of rich parishes tell us that this is so? My own experience teaches me that it is so to a much less extent than they imagine. But if it be so, we should not for a moment acquiesce in it. We must plead, all the same, for Christ and His work. But the remedy is in self-consecrated laymen. We do want men first, then money. But the men we want are Christian men, who will, from love of Christ, bring their money and lay it at His apostles' feet!

I am one of those men who want money. The urgent needs of the work compel me to confess it. I want $5,000 more for my school for boys, lately destroyed by fire, before it can be rebuilt; $3,000 to add to the $3,000 we have for an immediate enlargement of Wolfe Hall, which the success and increased patronage of the school make necessary, and which we have determined upon in faith that the money will not be lacking; $6,000, to use now, of $12,000 that must be had to carry out our plans of ultimate enlargement. I want $2,000 to use in church building this year, which will secure to us two rectories and three or four chapels; and $1,500 to aid in supporting missionaries not provided for through the domestic committee. Two good men offer themselves for work in Arizona. I want money to support THREE men at least for that jurisdiction, by *duplicating* the salaries offered by the committee.

Through you, my dear Doctor, counting upon your sympathy, which I have always found so helpful, I call upon the baptized members of the Church to consecrate themselves and all they have to the service of Christ and the missionary work. When all that every Christian has shall be consecrated, the learning and talents of the clergy and the energies and power to get wealth, and wealth gotten of the laity, there will be no lack of means for all the work of the Church, and the necessity of such appeals will be superseded. The Lord hasten it in His time.

Affectionately yours,

JOHN F. SPALDING.

Denver, Col., Ash-Wednesday, 1879.

—*Spirit of Missions.*

THE WORD APOSTLE.

It has become a common opinion that this word belongs exclusively to the original twelve, and was never intended to be applicable to their supposed successors. And one of the early writers, Theodoret, as reported by St. Jerome, has been a hundred times quoted as an authority for the statement that the word was confined to the original twelve, out of deference to those who first bore the apostolic office. Yet it is a singular fact that the twelve never said a syllable about the word as if belonging to themselves specifically, because they were ordained by our Lord in person, and were therefore alone to bear the name apostle, and never have their number multiplied.

The opening of the tenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel tells us, as our translation has it, that our "Lord appointed other seventy also." Had He ever appointed a previous seventy? This shows in a moment the faultiness of the translation; which might fairly be, "other apostles, seventy in number"—the Greek, καὶ ἑτέρους, not unnaturally implying that He had added to a previous appointment, *i. e.*, of persons, *such* as he had commissioned already. The Greeks might be supposed to understand the matter better than the Latins; and in their Menologium, or, as we might say, Martyrology, they call them the seventy *apostles*, as well as their twelve predecessors, mentioned in Luke vi. 13.* While if we deny them the name *apostle*, and call them *elders*, St. Peter seems to consider an elder an apostle's colleague or associate, since he calls himself συμπρεσβύτερος (I. Peter v. 1). And in Acts xv. 23, Tischendorf reads the Greek thus, "The apostles and elders, brethren." So Buttman and Granville Penn.†

The truth we imagine to be that the word *apostle* was by no means intended to be so confined to the original twelve that it could not pass to others by natural and easy gradation. Thus Barnabas and Saul, *alias* Paul, are styled in the opening of the thirteenth chapter of the Acts but prophets and teachers; while in the fourteenth verse of the chapter following they are called apostles—a name which they never lose. So that even in our Prayer Book St. Barnabas is named "Barnabas the Apostle," though not so named in "The Table of Feasts, to be observed in this Church throughout the year," where his apostolic title is clean shorn off. By some accident it was lost there, in the Prayer Book of the Church of England, and restored in ours; but our last committee on a standard very deferentially adopted the British blunder, and made the Prayer Book a *second* time inconsistent with itself.

As for St. Paul, from Acts xiv. 14, and onward through all the Scriptures of the new covenant, and out into Church history at large, he is called an apostle, and almost nothing else; unless the Table alluded to may be considered as clipping him also. Curiously enough, that Table speaks of "The conversion of St. Paul," and not of "The conversion of St. Paul, the Apostle"; so that, as far as the Table is concerned, St. Paul might have been a deacon, like St. Stephen, or a layman, like Theophilus, the pupil of St. Luke.‡ St. Paul is not called, indeed, as many suppose, *the* apostle to the Gentiles. St. Barnabas was *an* apostle to the Gentiles as much as he, according to the *concordat* which made James, Peter, and John (not Peter only) apostles, equally and alike, for the circumcision (Gal. ii. 9). Hence, St. Paul, in Rom.

---

*To show the value of such an authority as the Menologium, I quote Selden, the great lawyer and antiquary: "To know what was generally believed in all ages, the way is to consult the liturgies, not any private man's writing."—*Table-Talk, Art. Liturgy.*

†The Presbyterians are not so wide of the mark as some suppose in having two kinds of elders; only they make the first last. The *ruling* elder was the chorepiscopus, or country bishop, the assistant of an apostle. The preaching elder was the minister of a congregation. To make a *ruler* an inferior is to put the cart before the horse! The Methodists (we are glad to say anything we can for them) put the *ruling elder* in the right place.

‡The Table of Feasts has other singular features in it. After the Circumcision, the Ascension, and the Nativity, the words "of our Lord Jesus Christ" are added, and most properly. After the Epiphany these words are omitted! The same anomaly occurs in the English book; where, too, after "The Nativity of our Lord," even the words "Jesus Christ" are dropped! So in our American book it is "The Nativity of St. John the Baptist." It is "John Baptist" in the English book, and in the body of our own. See Standard, p. 192.

xi. 13, where he alludes significantly to the office borne by him, calls himself, not *the*, but *an* apostle to the Gentiles. See the Greek.*

But, not to press side-matters, here are *two* apostles added to the original number, who bear the name as steadily and incontestably as those who first received it, and whom many suppose its sole proprietors for all futurity. Here, then, are *fourteen* genuine apostles, beyond all historical question. And now, if we take into consideration the openings of apostolical epistles, we shall find that they run in names not usually connected with them, which are, perhaps, quite as apostolic as the single name to which they are commonly appropriated. Take the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, which is generally accounted the oldest epistle in the Canon. It announces itself formally, not as the address of St. Paul alone, but as that of Silvanus and Timothy beside. And as we read it, we soon perceive that St. Paul sometimes speaks in his *own* name, and, again, in the name of *all* by whom the Epistle is indited. Thus, in chapter second, verse eighteenth, while he begins the verse with *we*, yet directly he changes the personality, to make himself understood beyond mistake, and says, "Even I, Paul." This, too, when in the sixth verse of the same chapter he speaks in the name of the triad who addressed the Epistle to the Thessalonians, and calls that triad, collectively, "the Apostles of Christ." If he had intended to apply such language exclusively, would he not have said, as he soon did, "Even I, Paul"; or at least put his language into the singular number, "an Apostle of Christ"?

So there is substantial reason for believing that Silvanus and Timothy were apostles as well as Paul; and such the Greek Church has not hesitated to account them. Timothy is styled an apostle in the Menologium, or monthly commemoration of Oriental saints. Salvian, a Greek writer of celebrity, who died about A.D. 490, styles him such. Pachymeres, one of the Byzantine writers, who acquired no mean reputation *after* Constantinople was redeemed from Latin usurpation in 1261, and who died in 1310, unites with Salvian in esteeming Timothy an apostle; showing how steadily the custom of so calling him had passed unquestioned "through the ages all along."

It would seem, therefore, as if this habit, custom, or rule, whichever we choose to consider it, had been clung to by Christians, who regard themselves as specially particular about primitive precedents, and who had guarded apostolic honors for him from generation to generation. In fact, so clear was Timothy's title to the consecrated name, that it was given him probably by heretics as well as true believers. Thus Philostorgius, the well-known Arian church historian, the contemporary of Eusebius, Socrates, and Sozomen—authors to whom we continually go to compare his statements—does not hesitate to speak of "the Apostle Timothy" as familiarly as he does of "St. Andrew the Apostle," mentioning both in the same short chapter (Bk. iii., ch. 2). If it had been peculiar to the orthodox to call Timothy an *apostle*, Philostorgius would never have given him the title. He was known as such, therefore, universally in primitive times.

The Greek Menologium does not hesitate also to put others into the rank of apostles whom we might hardly have expected to attain such high commemoration. Thus Archippus is there, with Philemon and Apphia; and this, too, without the faintest hint that their position has been questioned, like that of Andronicus and Junias, in Rom. xvi. 7. And the questions which these names have raised would probably never have been mooted but for controversies about ministerial imparity. According to Meyer, in his commentary on the Romans, Luther and Calvin *both* believed that Andronicus and Junias were "distinguished apostles." This confirms what has been said, that their admission to an apostolic rank would not have been disputed if controversy had not made it indispensable. Luther and Calvin had not that dread of *republican* episcopacy which sprang up among their ecclesiastical posterity. Their horror was an episcopacy which was *monarchical*. To them the pope was what he really claims to be, an ecclesiastical emperor; and they rejected him in such a character, as well they might, with detestation.

It has been observed that Philostorgius calls Timothy an apostle; and it may now be subjoined that Eusebius puts St. Mark into the same category. In the second book of his history, chapter twenty-fourth, he calls Mark an apostle, and he gives him this title *before* he styles him an evangelist, as if it were the anterior and commoner name. Perhaps, as Hegesippus, his predecessor, had declared (Euseb., bk. iv., ch. 22) that the heretics spawned "false Christs, false prophets, and false apostles," he was determined that St. Mark should be identified as a *genuine* apostle, and so gave him the name in addition to another (Bagster's Eusebius, p. 184). So Tertullian seems to consider Philip the Evangelist an apostle. He applies the word to him twice (*De Baptismo*, *Sect.* 18).

Put all these things together, and it is easy and natural to believe that the word *apostle* had its extension and descent, as well as the words *presbyter* and *elder*. And why not? The word *angel* had its extension, and became applicable after a while to the heads of city churches and their dependencies, as we see in St. John's Apocalypse. That word was such a plastic one that our Saviour founded on it His unusual word, ἰσάγγελος; employed nowhere else in the New Testament (Luke xx. 36). If such a word had not been used in the Scriptures, it is quite probable that some fastidious critic would have pronounced it a barbarism or an incredibility. The word ἰσαποστολος is *not* found in the Scripture, and so crotchety lexicographers have cast it out as an interloper. Yet sober church history has given it tolerance, as any one can see who will look into Suicer's elaborate and inestimable "Thesaurus." It is also found in a most scholarly and independent volume, by no means as well-known as it should be, the "Dictionary of Mediaeval Greek," by E. A. Sophocles, published at Boston in 1870.*

There need be no squeamishness, then, about the use of the word *apostle*, as if bound up and intertwined with the original twelve, and adhering to them alone. It was a very broad word under the elder dispensation, and Suicer says that Paul bore the name when acting as a commissary or pursuivant of the authorities in Jerusalem for the arrest and imprisonment of Christians. In itself considered, it is a very modest word; and accordingly, one whom the Menologium calls an *apostle* our translation of the Scriptures introduces as merely a *messenger* (Philipp. ii. 25). The Baptists of Virginia, as Mr. Benedict tells us in his painstaking history of a pragmatical denomination, once revived the title, and resolved to have three orders of ministers (not to say four) as well as the Episcopalians. Probably they were laughed out of it, as they were out of an attempt to get as near as might be to infant baptism. The minister was to take an infant into his arms and bless it; but he was not to put on it a single drop of water. The wags called the mock sacrament "a dry christening," and the thing soon fell into disrepute and was abandoned. If the Baptists thought that they were right, they should have stuck manfully to their text. And if we think the word *apostle* has a wider range than modern custom has accorded it, we should be braver than the Baptists, and illustrate our opinion by a consistent practice.

The authority of Mr. Benedict may be found in an old edition of his book, vol. ii., pp. 54, 107. And if authority there for such a usage as confirmation is wanted, it can easily be given. In fact, a zealous seventh-day Baptist once informed the writer of this paper that "laying on of hands," or confirmation, was common among his people. When told that Episcopalians practised such a rite, he was dumb with amazement, and could not understand how such defective Christians had picked up so much orthodoxy!

T. W. Coit.

* So in Rom. xv. 16 our Version has it, "the minister of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles," when it should be *a* minister. Rob. Young who professes to be very literal in his translation of the Bible, has the indefinite article in *both* cases. Also, let us give him credit for it, good, stout Presbyterian though he be, introduces the word *priest* into the verse quoted. Thus he reads, "for my being an officer of Jesus Christ to the nations, acting as priest in the good news of God."

* Hedericus has it. Perhaps he copied Suicer.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

March 5th, 1879.

The last fortnight has been passed in a state of great excitement about the Zulu war, and yet of relief. It has given us a safety-valve for our feelings of distress and indignation at the slaughter of our troops to see ship after ship steaming off to the seat of war crowded with enthusiastic soldiers and eager officers, who had been every hour besieging the war office for precedence of their fellows in flying to the post of danger. It must be confessed that we have reason to be proud of our resources, when magnificent ships were packed off in a week after the horrible news, ready for a voyage of five weeks, and loaded with every munition of war that zeal and foresight could suggest. Some ten thousand men have left our shores in ten days or so, and we are sanguine as to their sufficiency to deal with our savage foe. Among those who have gone out is the Prince Imperial of France, who has been carefully trained at Woolwich for the army, and won golden opinions from all ranks. It was a touching incident, reminding one of the days of Queen Elizabeth, when our queen, at parting with the son of her old and valued friends, the late emperor and the ex-empress of the French, drew a ring off her own finger and placed it on his, as an earnest of her sympathy and pledge of her affection. He can, of course, only join the army as a volunteer, hard as he begged to receive a commission; but we expect him to be with the foremost.

The news which has arrived during the last fortnight has been reassuring on the main point of the safety of our colonies. This seems to have been partly, at least, due to the swelling of the River Tugala, which forms the boundary; but it is also plain that the Zulu army, successful as it was at Isandula, has suffered so severely, both there and in its conflicts with the other columns of advance, that it was not in a condition to follow up the terrible blow it had inflicted. We learn more and more as to its organization and resources, and plainly perceive the unwelcome fact that no army has ever combined the formidable elements of barbarism and civilization in so perfect a form as this; a matter we ought to have understood before we declared

war and began the invasion with such a handful of men. But the one thing which is universally felt is the incompetence of our general. Lord Chelmsford's dispatches were loyally waited for before public opinion declared itself; but they have now been some days before us, and they convince us of his failure on all the points of common strategy which we have a right to demand. The awful catastrophe of January 22d is as clearly due to him as if it had already been brought home to him by court martial, and the public stands aghast at the conduct of the government in allowing the reinforcements to go out without also sending a general to supersede him. A loud cry is raised for Sir Garnet Wolseley, whose feat at Ashantee is well contrasted with the defeat at Isandula. In ten days the one, by perfect strategy exactly suited to the peculiar case, and with no greater proportion of soldiers than the other, conquered the leading barbarians of West Africa; in ten days the leading barbarians of South Africa drove back the British forces, and obliged them to take measures for the defence of their own territory. We cannot imagine what reasons the government can have independent of the sentiment of respect and consideration for the unfortunate; but it is felt this is hardly the time to display such a sentiment. If failure is the result of mere accident, and every proper precaution has been taken against it, nothing can be worse policy or taste than to supersede the commander until he has had the fullest opportunity of recovering his reputation; but when we find so many glaring errors committed, the case is different.

Some glorious episodes of the fatal battle have come to light since I wrote. The colors of the 24th were, after all, found, wrapped round the dead body of Lieutenant Melville, who had last been seen hemmed in by the enemy, and assisting Lieutenant Coghill to carry them out of the already captured camp. Both officers were found dead on the Natal side of the river, having been mortally wounded in their daring exploit. It seems, also, that Captain Smith, of the artillery, was mortally wounded when he spiked his guns, his dying achievement. If he had failed, these guns might have been brought against Ruhe's Drift camp, and changed the whole fortune of the campaign. Had that post not been defended with such amazing tenacity, with its improvised rampart of maize-bags, by Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, the victorious savages would have burst into the colony, and the most frightful slaughter must have taken place. So we have much to be thankful for, and feel that it might have been worse. On the other hand, the dispatches show that our loss reaches over 1,000 men, of whom more than 800 are British. Frightful stories come to us, we hardly know how, of the horrid cruelty of the enemy when they had surprised our camp and got mixed up with the remnant of our poor fellows. The little drummer boys who accompany our regiments, generally the sons of the sergeants and pets of the regiment, are said to have been tossed alive on the points of the assegais, and the bodies of most of the men were found fearfully mutilated —we may still hope, not till they were dead. But, after all, our English chroniclers report worse barbarities still of the Scottish border armies in the eleventh, twelfth, and even thirteenth centuries. The brutalities of war only slowly disappeared under the influences of chivalry and Christianity.

As if to balance the pressure of this unexpected war, we find ourselves at comparative ease in Afghanistan. The death of Shere Ali, whose advances toward Russia necessitated the present war, has removed our chief opponent, and his warlike son, Yakoob Khan, has already made a pacific communication to the Indian government. There will probably ensue a period of anarchy, but we shall be indifferent as to Shere Ali's eventual successor so long as we can command the passes and exercise sufficient influence at Cabul to keep out the Russians.

But you will expect some notice of the curious spectacle our Court of Queen's Bench presented a few days ago when the Bishop of Oxford appeared before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn to plead his own cause, and show reason why he had declined to sanction the prosecution of the Ritualist Canon Carter of Clewer. His coolness and temper have received ample recognition, but he does not seem to have made as much out of his case as if he had employed counsel. No one who acts as his own lawyer ever does. The remarks of the judge, which were by no means harsh, as some have represented, showed which way the judgment is likely to go; and, indeed, no court could have accepted pleas which went no further than dislike to coercing a clergyman (who is confessedly breaking the law), on account of his age and the respect paid to his character. The decision of the judges is reserved for an early day.

The marriage of the Duke of Connaught at Windsor would give more satisfaction to Churchmen if it were not to be in Lent; but our court has never observed that distinction. He is a popular prince, and, we hope, may soon be sent to occupy the Castle at Dublin as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is high time the example of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise were followed.

In the House of Commons the defeat of the women's suffrage bill once more by two to one is a cause of great satisfaction. We may soon hope to hear the last of it.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

These are unquiet times for both Church and State in Germany. In the State, harassed by Socialism and weakened by commercial distress, there is earnest conflict, owing to the chancellor's drastic measures and the application of his universal remedy for all evils—repression. The present session of the reichstag is sure to be a stormy one, if, indeed, it last long enough to raise a serious tempest, for it is thought by many that Prince Bismarck is bent on another dissolution, in order to go to the country on the question of a protective tariff. The session commenced with a defeat of the government on the matter of the arrest of two Socialist deputies. These two men—Hasselmann and Fritzsche—had previously been prohibited by the police authorities from residing in Berlin; but, when summoned by the emperor's mandate as deputies to the reichstag, they naturally returned. Thereupon the president of police demanded their arrest, and the representative of the chancellor in the ministry forwarded the demand to parliament, which, almost unanimously, refused to yield its privilege. The result was so certain that the only plausible reason that can be given for thus courting defeat is, that the chancellor was willing to allow the reichstag to fill up the measure of its iniquities before he required its dissolution. The fate of Prince Bismarck's "Parliamentary Discipline Bill" is more doubtful; it has been exceedingly toned down in the committee of the federal council, and it is probable that a conflict between the popular representation and the executive will be avoided on this point. In order to uphold its own authority over its constitution, it is possible that the reichstag will so amend and remodel the bill as to make it its own, or else will alter its standing orders, by way of resolution, and so reject the bill itself. At any rate, the agitation on this subject has considerably subsided, and it is no longer such a burning question. But the conflict respecting the chancellor's fiscal policy is by no means allayed. Opportunity has been given this last week, by the submission of the Austrian commercial treaty to the reichstag, for a display of force on the part of Free-traders and Protectionists. The voices of the latter were certainly loud and powerful, but the former seemed to have the best of it in the production of facts and figures. The chancellor put in an unusual appearance, and made one of his characteristic speeches, in which he fully stuck to his text of December 15th, avowed himself still a monopolist on the tobacco question, and reiterated his intention to carry through, if he could, a general protective import duty on all articles crossing the frontier. We are already beginning to discover the extent of this increased tariff. The chancellor's letter advocated an *ad valorem* duty of about five per cent.; but the figures recently published more nearly represent a ten per cent. impost on articles of consumption. The farmers' party is having the first pull, and all imported grain, seed, cattle, meat, and general produce are to be taxed. Then the industrial pursuits receive their share in a duty on iron, coal, and manufactures. As yet the only exceptions to a raised tariff seem to be raw cotton and minerals, which are necessary to German industry. It is not yet certain whether the present reichstag will deal with this general scheme of taxation, for it is not yet matured; but the corn and cattle tax, if introduced, will be the great centre of conflict.

And in the Church there are similar sounds of war. Within the Protestant Church of Prussia there are premonitory symptoms of a great secession. Recent events have been very discouraging to the rationalist body within the Church, and their efforts to obtain legal recognition for their tenets have signally failed. They had hoped, as it now seems, to have gained for themselves some such position in the eyes of the State as that occupied by the Old Catholics; they had hoped to vindicate themselves as true, if not *the* true Protestants, and so to claim, if they chose to secede, an adequate portion of the endowments of the State Church. But they have failed all along the line. A few years ago they had a triumph in the faltering condemnation, on the part of the consistory, of their champion, Dr. Sydow; but the persistent efforts of the Church Board of St. James's, in Berlin, to elect as their pastor a prominent rationalist have, within the last two years, been utterly defeated. The consistory and then the Supreme Council rejected their candidates, first the Berlin preacher, Hossbach, and then the Bremen pastor, Dr. Schramm. The council has now allowed them to proceed to a third election, warning them that, if this should be cancelled, a pastor would be chosen for and imposed upon them. But the great and most recent blow has been the deposition and condemnation of Dr. Kalthoff. He was a country pastor, and voluntarily intruded himself on the Supreme Council as a candidate for martyrdom, sending up to them a schedule of his rationalist negations, and daring them to proceed against him. With praiseworthy promptitude he was at once suspended and deprived of office and ministry. Thereupon an appeal was made to the "Supreme Court of Justice for Ecclesiastical Affairs," and here the free thinking party expected a triumph: they expected that the court would treat them exactly as it had treated the Catholic priests excommunicated by the Romish bishops, and would uphold Dr. Kalthoff at least in his office and living. They have been thoroughly overthrown. The court declared that it had no authority to interfere with the internal affairs of the Protestant Church, and that the exercise of discipline was legally insured to the ecclesiastical authorities of the Church itself; the court had no power of deciding upon the confessions, nor was it authorized to interpret the sentence of the ecclesiastical powers. This is decisive: the supremacy, or, at any rate, the equal footing aimed at by the rationalist party is out of their reach, unless—which is hardly possible—they can succeed in making the Supreme Council their organ. The next alternative, in order to secure the perfect freedom of teaching which they demand, is separation. And this is looming in view. Dr. Kalthoff has commenced a literary crusade in Berlin in favor of a "free, national Church," which shall be severed from all connection with the State, and shall be founded on the broadest basis of free thought and reason. Whether this movement will progress, and to what extent it will succeed, it is at present not possible to foresee; in Berlin and in other large towns, such as Magdeburg and Breslau, where Protestant "Churchmanship" is of the lowest possible type, it will have a good field for its work; but even there it is hard to conceive that it will find self-sacrifice enough to enable it to be self-supporting. The example of the Old Catholics is not encouraging for them—these are recognized by the State, and possess a legal right to church buildings and endowments, and yet they are hardly able to pay their way. A Protestant schism, if it come to pass, will only add another "free-religious congregation" to those which already exist.

March 2d, 1879.

LETTER FROM BERMUDA.

HAMILTON HOTEL,
HAMILTON, BERMUDA, March 10th, 1879.

Off in the Atlantic Ocean, seven hundred miles south-east of New York, in about the latitude of Savannah, lies a cluster of islands known as

"The Bermudas." When I was a schoolgirl, and studied geography, two lines told me all I then knew of the Bermudas, viz., that "they were celebrated for arrowroot and onions." Now I know somewhat more about them, having spent two winters here. Never having seen any letters in THE CHURCHMAN from this "gem of the seas," I purpose to give, in a very desultory manner, some information concerning it.

From a chart made in 1872 I learn there are at least one hundred islands belonging to this group, only about twenty of them, however, being inhabited, some of them consisting merely of a few rocks and a little patch of earth. The five largest are St. David, St. George, Bermuda, Somerset, and Ireland, separated from each other by little creeks or bays. They are of calcareous formation, lying from north-east to south-west, extending about twenty miles in length, and varying in width from half a mile to five miles. The nearest point of land to them in the wide, wide world is Cape Hatteras, distant five hundred and eighty miles. A steamer belonging to the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Company leaves New York and Bermuda every alternate Thursday, generally making the voyage in three days and nights, subject, of course, to the winds, which sometimes are very favorable, at others contrary in the extreme. During what is called the "crop season," however, beginning about the first of April, there are two steamers plying between New York and Bermuda, leaving each port every Thursday. The regular steamer, doing duty the year round, is the "Canima," pronounced by some can-i ma, the accent on "can"; by others, "ca-neema," accent on the "ee." She is a staunch, Clyde-built steamer, long and narrow, decidedly given to rolling, but making her passages without ever meeting with an accident, as far as I know. She is manned with English officers, each one well knowing his duties, and withal exceedingly kind and attentive to the passengers. Captain Liddicoat has been the commander ever since I have known anything of the steamer, and a kinder man or a better officer never came under my observation.

The port here for the "Canima" is Hamilton, on the island of Bermuda, though this name, by the way, is generally given to the whole cluster of islands. As we make the islands from the north we have a good view as we approach them, and they present a striking and picturesque appearance. I think the first thing that strikes the eye of a stranger is the lovely tint of the water, nothing that I have ever seen in foreign seas excelling it. Here an exquisite green, there heaven's own blue, beyond opal tints of unrivalled beauty.

Coming into the harbor of Hamilton, we pass through narrow straits studded with islands, through which with infinite care the steamer picks her way. Each time I have come down I have left the snow and ice-bound regions of the North to find myself in three days' time "amid the green islands of glittering seas," flowers blooming out-of doors, trees in full leaf and verdure, and the air soft and warm, causing one to think the almanac has made a mistake, and that it is summer instead of winter. As I write now, with my window wide open, and the birds carolling their gay songs outside, soft, fleecy clouds chasing each other across the blue sky, it is difficult to realize that at home the rough winds of March are playing rude pranks amid the leafless trees.

Hamilton is the seat of government, and has between two and three thousand inhabitants. The houses are built of the stone of the island, generally left in its pristine whiteness, sometimes colored a delicate pink or yellow. The roofs are whitewashed, and by a law of the island must be kept fresh and clean, as the inhabitants are quite dependent upon rain-water, there being no brooks and but few springs. The houses are rarely more than two stories high, often only one; have verandahs shut in with lattice work. The rooms are high and airy, and the windows are generally kept open all the day long, even during winter. Few houses have any place for a fire, except for cooking purposes, and no church on the island has any heating apparatus, connected with it, but has its doors and windows as wide open in January as in July. Every house has its blinds, not opening in the middle, as with us, but whole and hinged at the top, and kept back with long iron rods. The pure white of the houses, roofs, and all, with the green verandahs and blinds, present a picturesque appearance, peeping out among trees and shrubs. Red cedars abound all over the islands, and different species of palms, among them the mountain cabbage, rising to a great height, the trunk smooth and clean as though it had been freshly shaven, and at the top spreading out into graceful branches bearing clusters of a kind of fruit resembling a cabbage, but whether good to eat or not I cannot say. Oleanders grow here to great size, and are planted as hedges around gardens and fields to protect them from the heavy north winds. A little later in the season they are in full bloom, and send out a delicious odor. Of the India-rubber tree there are several specimens; a magnificent one near our hotel was sent here thirty years ago from Essequebo, and is now grown to an enormous size, the trunk, twelve or fifteen feet in circumference, running up four or five feet from the ground, and then dividing into five large limbs, rising up fifty feet or so from the ground, and covering with its thick shade a space at least one hundred feet around. There are mahogany trees, too, on the islands, one very large, at what is called "The Flatts," three or four miles from here.

Then there is the papaw, a singular-looking tree, tall and slim, without branches, the fruit, in shape like a lemon, growing right from the top of the trunk.

Bananas are plenty here, the fruit small, but of a delicious flavor. Oranges, lemons, figs, peaches, and other fruits were once very abundant, but now are mostly run out, the inhabitants giving up their time more to the growing of potatoes, onions, and tomatoes than to the cultivation of fruit. In private gardens, however, you find rare trees and flowers and fruits, among these the guava, delicious in taste. Strawberries are freely cultivated in gardens, and on the 6th of March I had a present of some grown in the open air. Loquottes, a yellow plum, are now fully ripe and are very abundant.

Before I bring this long letter to a close I will just say that these islands were discovered in 1527. In 1609 a part of the fleet sent from England to the colony in Virginia was wrecked off the Bermudas. Sir George Somers was among that party, and from him the island of St. George takes its name. In fact, the whole of the Bermudas was for a long time called "Somers's Islands."

When this wrecked party made their way to Virginia they gave so flattering an account of these islands that their charter was changed to include the Bermudas in it. Soon after that this right was bought by one hundred and twenty gentlemen, who divided among themselves the profits accruing from the cultivation of the soil. This proprietary form of government lasted till 1685, when these islands became a colony of England, and have continued so ever since.

In my next letter I will give some account of the civil and ecclesiastical government of Bermuda.

J. A. E.

ENGLAND.

DR. NEWMAN AND THE ULTRAMONTANES.—No one has suffered more from insolent dogmatism than Dr. Newman himself, and the current number of the *Dublin Review*—the first number, by the way, of a new series, ushered in with a sonorous flourish of trumpets as marking a new departure in the interests of liberal "culture"—contains a grotesquely characteristic illustration of the estimate of the great Oratorian formed, or at least professed, by Ultramontane journalists. The writer of an article on "Catholicism and Culture" gives a list of English Roman Catholic authors of our own day who have made themselves a name in literature, and from that list—incredible as it may appear—Dr. Newman's name is omitted.—*Saturday Review.*

CAUSE OF DISTRESS AMONG THE ENGLISH WORKMEN.—Mr. John Burns, of the Cunard Company, in a letter to the Provost of Glasgow, points out a reason why there is distress in that city. It is a comment on the "eight-hour" system, of which so much has been heard in America. His company is fitting up a new steamship called the Gallia, and on Saturday the Belgian workpeople, who were laying down parquetry on the cabin floor, instead of leaving at one o'clock, as Scotch or Englishmen would have done, asked permission so go on till dark so as to finish their job: "The entire panelling of the Gallia's cabin has been executed by Japanese carpenters, and the iron work of the office in which I now sit was made in Belgium. Instance after instance could be given of how all nations are competing with us, not only as regards the manufacture of articles used in their respective countries—hitherto to a great extent supplied by Britain—but the artificers of foreign countries are, in spite of us, advancing into our own country, and compelling us to employ them, simply because they can do our work as well and much cheaper than it can be done by our own workmen. What does this bring us to but that the arbitrary curtailment of the hours of labor is a snare and delusion to our working classes, and the sooner they cast to the winds the doctrine of those who are imposing upon them the better for themselves? That doctrine tells the working man that he should not work longer than fifty-one hours in the week. That doctrine is nuts for the foreigner to crack, and is ruining our country and our countrymen."

ST. PAUL'S.—Two prebendaries of St. Paul's cathedral, London, died within a week of each other. The Rev. W. T. Bullock, for fourteen years the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, was granted a rest of six months on account of overwork. But the relief came too late. Prebendary Blomfield was a son of the former bishop, and brother of the Archdeacon of Essex.

SERVING A WRIT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The Rev. T. P. Dale has been served with the monition issued against him by the Arches Registry. The *City Press* says: We are sorry to hear of one more petty endeavor on Mr. Dale's part to evade the most ordinary process of law. Although the monition was issued on Friday last, the officer was unable to serve it on the rector until late on Monday evening at the church, Mr. Dale having denied himself, or rather caused himself to be denied, at his private house on Friday, Saturday, and Monday. Mr. Dale, we hear, rushed out of the vestry, but Kirkman (the old and well-known officer of the Court of Arches) adroitly followed him down the aisle of the church, put the formal monition "under his arm," and said to him, "You are now served, sir."

BISHOP OXENDEN.—Dr. Oxenden, late Bishop of Montreal, has accepted the vicarage of St. Stephen's, near Canterbury.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD AND THE CLEWER CASE.—On Saturday, March 8th, the lord chief justice delivered an elaborate written judgment, in which Mr. Justice Mainsty and Mr. Justice Field concurred, in the case of the Queen vs. the Bishop of Oxford. It is the case in which the bishop appeared in person to oppose the issuing of a mandamus to compel him to proceed against the Rev. T. T. Carter, of Clewer, for alleged ritualistic practices. The decision now given is in favor of the application for the writ. We quote the concluding portion of the document:

"It is admitted that there has been such a substantial departure by the incumbent from the established ritual as amounts to an offence against the ecclesiastical law. It is not denied that the practices complained of were such as might give offence to the religious conscience of a member of the Established Church, and deter him from partaking in the service of the communion when thus administered. The refusal of the commission by the bishop was founded, not on the nature of the complaint, or the claim of the applicant to redress, but on collateral and extraneous circumstances which do not alter or affect the offence, but are founded on considerations of expediency, or such as have reference to the person of the party against whom the application is made. Now, not only do we think that, on the construction of the statute, the bishop had no discretion in this matter, but we are further of opinion that, the purpose of this legislation being to maintain uniformity of doctrine and ritual, and it being the right of the parishioners to have the services of the Church performed according to the law of the Church, even if the bishop had discretionary authority in such a case, he ought, having here a judicial, or, at all events, a *quasi*-judicial duty to discharge, to have used it to allow an inquiry to

take place. We do not think, therefore, that we should be justified, as matter of discretion, in withholding the writ. But it was suggested that the Public Worship Act having made the concurrence of three parishioners necessary to found a complaint to the bishop, we ought not, in the exercise of our discretion, to give effect by *mandamus* to the complaint of one. But the obvious answer is, that if the legislature had intended that any change in this respect should be made in the Church Discipline Act, which it advisedly keeps alive, it could have introduced such a provision in the later act. If it was incumbent on the bishop to entertain the complaint on the application of a single parishioner—and we think he had no discretion in the matter—it cannot be open to us as a matter of discretion to withhold the redress which the applicant seeks at our hands. The rule for a *mandamus* to the bishop to issue a commission, or send the case at once to the Court of Arches by letters of request, must therefore be made absolute."

IRELAND.

CONDITION OF THE MINOR INCUMBENTS AND CURATES.—On Tuesday, February 25th, an important meeting of clergy and laity of the Diocese of Armagh was held in the diocesan hall in Armagh, the venerable Primate of Ireland occupying the chair. The Rev. H. B. Carter, as secretary, read a petition drawn for signature on behalf of the minor incumbents and curates who were serving in the diocese in 1869—the date of the disestablishment. This petition sets out, in language no stronger than the case justifies, that many of them after long service had received hard treatment, and that there is an expected surplus to arise from the spoils of the Irish Church, a portion of which ought in justice and fairness to be allocated amongst the sufferers. Mr. Carter, in proposing that the petition should be laid before the Premier and the Houses of Parliament, made a full statement of the case. It appears that the average income of the clergy of the two classes referred to was £120; and that when their claims were adjusted under the Disestablishment Act nothing was allowed for any prospective increase. The petition having been, with a slight alteration in its terms, adopted, a resolution was passed to the effect that arrangements for united action should be made with the Diocese of Down and in the other Irish dioceses.

ITALY.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.—The pope, at the reception of the representatives of the Roman Catholic press, spoke of the temporal power. That power, said his holiness, was not the result of the ambition of pontiffs, but was the result of a necessity which compelled them to assure the liberty and independence of the Church, and to protect the Holy See against the oppression and ascendancy of the strong. His holiness therefore invited the Catholic press to sustain and defend with all its powers the temporal power, since that power will restore to the Church its independence and its liberty. He ended by saying that Italy could not enjoy a lasting tranquillity until provision should be made for the dignity of the pontificate and the real liberty of the Church and of the pope. This outspoken declaration has caused no little excitement, and the organs of the Italian government have freely indulged in hostile comments.

SOUTH AFRICA.

IN ZULULAND.—A ritual dispute has broken out in the cathedral church of Pietermaritzburg. The bishop (Macrorie), a well-known high Churchman, is very much hurt at the action of the dean (Mr. Green) in introducing, against his protest and the almost unanimous decision of the synod, lights, vestments, and incense. It is true that they are only used at the early celebrations; but, as the bishop pointed out to Mr. Green, their use at all in a congregation unprepared for them, and for the most part ignorant of their symbolism, was most unwise. The dean defies the bishop's authority on the ground of some new statutes of the cathedral of his own drafting, which reduce the bishop to little more than what his lordship calls "a confirming and ordaining machine," for he has not even the nomination to a single stall or visitorial rights. The large congregation at the cathedral, where Sir Bartel Frere and Lord Chelmsford attended in December, has been dispersed, many going to the military chapel. The bishop has addressed a long letter to Canon Butler, his commissary, explaining the state of affairs, and disclaiming all responsibility for Dean Green's conduct.

CANADA.

ONTARIO—*Congratulating the Bishop Elect.*—The principal, commandant, professors, and students of Dufferin, late Hellmuth, College have addressed a letter of congratulation to the head-master, the Ven. Archdeacon Sweatman, on his election to the episcopate of Toronto. The following is an extract:

Fully aware of your many qualifications for this distinguished office, we cannot but entertain the conviction that, whether in regard of general scholarship, theological attainments, administrative capacity, diocesan experience, or genial courtesy of manner, it is scarcely possible for the diocese in question to have selected one who will be more likely worthily to discharge the duties of the episcopate, or to induce that spirit of harmony and mutual forbearance and consideration which tends so much to promote the peace and prosperity of the Church.

Whilst, in common with all who are personally acquainted with you, we shall deeply regret your removal from the diocese, we yet contemplate with satisfaction your translation to a larger and more important sphere, in which you may accomplish so much more for the glory of God and the general welfare.

The Bishop of Huron at Dufferin College.—The Bishop of Huron, on his return from England, paid a visit to Dufferin College. He addressed the faculty and students in his usual happy manner, expressing his great pleasure in being among them once again and seeing the college, in all its departments, in such a thoroughly efficient condition. He assured them that he should always feel, in the future as in the past, a deep interest in the school, which, under its present management, had his entire confidence, and which he felt sure would be a success. Having complimented the commandant upon the general appearance and bearing of the lads, his lordship expressed his full sense of the value of the military element introduced into the college system, as calculated not only to induce a manly and graceful carriage, but as also productive of good moral tone. His lordship then moved a resolution to the effect that his first visit to the college since his return should be marked by the bestowal of a holiday. The motion was carried unanimously, and the holiday granted by the principal amid general rejoicing. Before the bishop left the building the pupils went through some of their customary exercises, being heartily commended by him for their promptness and precision.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS IN SEVERAL CITIES.

Arrangements are in progress for missionary meetings under the auspices of the board of managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, to be held in the cities of Providence, Columbus, and Baltimore. It is proposed to occupy two days at each place. In the mornings there will be Divine service and sermon; in the afternoons an informal conference, at which all present will be invited to participate in the discussion. In the evenings, appointed speakers will occupy the time. The dates for Providence are May 7th and 8th. For Columbus, May 15th and 16th. For Baltimore, June 3d and 4th. The bishops of the dioceses will preside. N. H. SCHENCK, Chairman.

J. KIMBER, Secretary, Committee on Missionary Meetings.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE REVISED CONSTITUTION.—There is a controversy in this diocese of some importance in regard to the revised constitution adopted at the late annual convention. It is claimed by some of the best lawyers in the diocese that the revised constitution was passed in 1878 in contravention of the express provisions of the existing constitution about amendments, and is, therefore, null and void. As the amended constitution entirely changes the lay representation of the diocese, the parishes do not know under which instrument to proceed in electing delegates. A pamphlet has been published by the Rev. Hall Harrison, of St. Paul's School, Concord, taking the ground that the proceedings in 1878 were invalid, and that the revised constitution is *null and void*. He is supported in this view by some eminent lawyers. The pamphet also contains an elaborate appendix on "The Relations of Church and State, as Illustrated by the Celebrated Cases of Walker against Wainwright, in New York, and Chase against Cheney, in Illinois." It is published by A. Williams & Co., of Boston.

VERMONT.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION—*St. Paul's Church.*—A course of lectures is in progress during Lent at this church, on "The Principles of the Doctrine of Christ" (Heb. vi. 1, 2), arranged to be delivered by the Rev. Messrs. W. C. Dawson, of Hanover, N. H.; A. R. Graves, of Littleton, N. H.; Henry Ferguson, of Claremont, N. H.; F. W. Smith, of Woodstock, Vt., and B. R. Phelps, Jr., the missionary at this point and vicinity.

MASSACHUSETTS.

CAMBRIDGE—*The Late Robert M. Mason.*—The funeral of the late Robert M. Mason took place at the St. John's Memorial church, in Cambridge, on Wednesday, March 19th. There were present the Bishops of New York, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, a number of the prominent clergy and laity of several denominations, the faculty and students of the divinity school, and several of the officers of Harvard College. The remains were taken to Mount Auburn for interment. Mr. Mason was one of the board of visitors of the divinity school.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*St. Stephen's Church.*—On the Fourth Sunday in Lent, the bishop of the diocese confirmed, in this church, a converted Jewess, the wife of a converted Jew. Another Jewish convert is preparing for confirmation. These are fruits of the labors of Mr. Lerman, the missionary of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, which has its headquarters in this city.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—*Grace Church Chapel.*—On the evening of March 19th the holy rite of confirmation was administered to thirty-eight candidates. The bishop delivered an address to the confirmed on the relations of Christian faith and worship to the temptations and trials of life.

St. Thomas's Church.—This church, situated in the Eastern District, near the Cypress Hills Cemetery, has been for four years under the care of the Rev. C. L. Twing, during which time it has been steadily strengthening. The debt on the church property, which is at present but partly occupied with a chapel, has been steadily reduced. The congregations are increasing and constant; the Sunday-school numbers 200 children; the church work in the growing population about, enlists the activity of some faithful members. This church is aided by the missionary committee of the diocese, and its hopeful financial state and the increasing roll of its communicants are gratifying results of the efforts put forth for the religious supply of that part of the city.

Sunday-school Convocation.—The fourth convocation of the diocese for the present season was held on the evening of March 17th in Christ church, Eastern District. In the absence of the bishop, the Rev. Dr. Paddock presided. The essayist was the Rev. Spencer S. Roche, rector of St. Mark's church, and the subject, "The Reading for the Young: How far can the Sunday school be Instrumental in Keeping out the Bad and in Bringing in the Good?" In introducing the essayist the Rev. Dr. Paddock spoke of the importance of the subject. This, he said, is an age of reading, and the evil one and those with him make the most of this instrumentality. Although it be a reading age, it is unsafe to read

everything that comes in one's way, just as it is unsafe to eat everything. Much of the reading set afloat is polluting and soul-destroying.

The Rev. Mr. Roche, in his essay, spoke of children as usually incessant readers. The influence of a Sunday school library is very great, since, at the rate of one book a week between the years of ten and twenty, five hundred volumes will have been read. We have too much puerile literature. Books that interest older brothers and sisters will be best for the younger. Books that give false views of life are pernicious. That virtue and success are inseparably connected has been a false view of things put before children. Books that convey false ideas of religion should be excluded. The Bible should form the model for the library, for it presents variety and interest. Science, history, poetry, narratives of travel, healthful fiction, are all suitable. Bad literature will be driven out by putting in its place the good. Let the teacher inquire often as to what the child is reading, and make suggestions; and let the parents be particular to direct in the selection of reading.

In the discussion that followed the essay Mr. Low thought that the aim should be so to fill the children with good thoughts and principles that they would turn from the bad by instinct, as it were. The Rev. Mr. Beers urged the importance of parents providing good reading in the home, and particularly pictorial literature of a high order, that in this way a distaste might be formed for what is low. The only way to keep out the bad is to occupy all the room with the good. There is not so much danger to be apprehended from within the library as from without. Others spoke on the demand for good reading as certain to be met by a fitting supply in due time; and the suggestion was made that several churches unite in the formation of a library of character and value. The Rev. Mr. Maynard thought "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the sort of books desirable in a Sunday-school library. He advised that the sensational in literature be avoided.

QUEENS COUNTY MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.—The quarterly missionary conference of the clergy and lay delegates of the churches of Queens county was held in Astoria, March 20th, at the rectory of the church of the Redeemer. Reports were made of the missionary work recently done or yet in progress in the several parishes, and were of an encouraging character. The statement was made that in answer to the prayers of the Church at the "service for intercession for missions"—for more laborers in the vineyard—the unprecedented number of *twenty* persons were now applicants for appointment to foreign missions. We have the laborers, and now the sustenance for them is lacking; and so, at the next appointed day for intercession, we shall need to ask for a spirit of greater zeal for Christ's cause and of sacrifice for it. In the harmonious and earnest discussion which took place on this suggestion, it was pointed out that, as many diocesan conventions are held in May, a more general observance of the day of intercession would be secured if some other time could be selected than one of the rogation days. Those who are over us in the Lord were respectfully asked to regard this point.

After partaking of refreshments provided by generous hearts, the delegates proceeded to the church for a public missionary meeting, the fine chime of bells sending out their invitation on the evening air most enticingly. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. S. Cox and the Rev. Dr. W. H. Moore, the canticles and selections being chanted by the boy-choir, assisted by other voices at the organ.

The rector, the Rev. E. D. Cooper, then briefly stated the object of the meeting and his gratification at the sight of the thronging congregation, and introduced the speakers: first, the Rev. G. Williamson Smith, of Grace church, Jamaica; then the Rev. Thomas A. Hyland, missionary at Astoria, Oregon, bringing salutations to Astoria, Long Island, and then Commander Matthews, U. S. N. The first spoke to the general topic; the second of the work done, in progress, and yet to be attempted in Oregon under the lead of Bishop Morris—"*the hardest working of all the missionaries there*"; and the third on what he had seen of the usefulness of the missionaries' labors in China. The Rev. Dr. Twing and the Rev. Mr. Kimber were to have spoken; but feeling that the appeals already made were so effective, they declined to add anything.

HUNTER'S POINT—*St. John's Church.*—On Sunday evening, March 9th, Bishop Littlejohn visited St. John's church, Hunter's Point (the Rev. T. T. Cartwright, rector), preached, confirmed sixteen persons, and addressed them. The church was crowded with an attentive congregation. The parish was never in so prosperous a condition. There is perfect peace. The congregation is constantly increasing. The Sunday-school is crowded, and at its present rate of progress will soon require additional accommodation. An increased liberality is being shown in the support of the funds of the church. New schemes for usefulness are being devised by the rector, and there is every prospect that St. John's church will prove an immense power for good in the city.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CLIFTON—*Consecration.*—St. Stephen's church, Clifton, Delaware county, Pa., was consecrated on Saturday, March 15th, by the bishop of the diocese. He was assisted in the services by the Rev. Messrs. G. J. Burton, Wm. Ely, and C. A. Maison. Though there were few clergymen present, the church was crowded with an attentive congregation. The building is Gothic, of stone and pressed brick, ornamented with courses of different colored bricks. It has a tower and ornamental spire. The interior is finished in oiled, hard woods, with an open roof and exposed rafters. All the windows, which are of stained glass, were purchased with the offerings of the Sunday-school. The chancel rail and pulpit are those formerly in use at St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia. The altar, chancel chair, communion service, font, and hangings were gifts of friends of the church.

Services were commenced in this village more than six years ago by the Rev. J. H. B. Brooks, then rector of St. George's church, and by the Rev. G. J. Burton, who has held occasional services there ever since. For the last two years the Rev. C. A. Maison has also officiated occasionally. The few Church people, mostly mill hands, struggled on, hoping almost against hope for a church, until Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Chase, members of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia, moved into the neighborhood, and by their unwearied exertions and indefatigable labors succeeded in having this beautiful house of prayer erected and consecrated free of debt. It cost about $4,000, and will seat nearly two hundred persons. The lot on which the church is built was given by Mr. Olorn Levis. Liberal contributions were made by Thomas A. Scott, Dr. Ginn, and others. The members of the congregation also contributed liberally according to their ability.

The Rev. G. J. Burton, warden of the Burd Asylum of St. Stephen's church, which is about four miles from Clifton, is minister in charge, assisted by Mr. W. W. Taylor, a candidate for Holy Orders, as lay-reader.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

WHITE HAVEN—*St. Paul's Church.*—Although but little more than a year has elapsed since the Rev. M. Karcher was called to the rectorship of this parish, to succeed the Rev. Peter Russell, the pioneer of the Lehigh Valley, yet the work accomplished in that time is worthy of record. In and about the church are evidences of a desire on the part of the congregation to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; two new altar-cloths have been given, and a super-altar and vases; these, with other work done in the chancel, add much to its beauty and adornment. A steady growth in the size of the congregation is perceptible, and all things are working together harmoniously. A guild has been formed which has proved a great success; the work of the parish is divided, all the members being allotted a share. There are the committees on visiting, sewing, entertainment, chancel and church decoration, each one doing its work quietly and successfully. The parlor concerts (not given during Lent) were largely attended, and much appreciated by the people. The contributions of the people have increased for all objects, and notably those for diocesan missions. On Friday last the bishop made his annual visit to the parish, when the rector presented five persons for confirmation. The church was filled, and the people gave close attention to the goodly words of the bishop. Last Easter the offerings were devoted to missions, and to making repairs and alterations in the rectory: the same custom will prevail the coming Easter.

HARRISBURGH—*St. Paul's Church.*—The bishop visited this church on Sunday, February 23d, when the new church was consecrated. The building is of the local blue limestone, trimmed with red and white sandstone. It is 70 by 36 feet in the nave, with transept 27 by 15 feet. The interior finish is open ceiling, North Carolina yellow pine, oiled; wainscoting of the same material. The seats are of ash, capped with walnut. In most respects the church is a model of beauty and economy. The rite of confirmation was administered on the same day—two persons being confirmed.

On account of the severe and long-continued illness of his wife, the rector, the Rev. B. F. Brown, has been constrained to resign his charge, and will shortly remove to Baltimore. For the present his address will be 806 Two and a Half street, Harrisburgh.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—*St. Bartholomew's Church.*—On the Third Sunday in Lent the assistant-bishop confirmed in this church seven adults, of whom five were men and two women.

St. Bartholomew's is situated in the northwestern part of the city, on its extreme limits, and not far from Druid Hill Park, so renowned for its beauty. The present building, although spacious and handsome, is only a chapel, and is erected on a corner of the lot owned by the parish, and which was the donation of a generous-hearted lady. It is constructed of white Maryland marble, and cost about sixteen thousand dollars, having been erected in 1871, when both building-material and labor were far more expensive than now. In 1872 it was opened for Divine service; and the Rev. J. Y. Gholson, the present incumbent, became its first rector, entering upon his duties on Easter-day. From the first the work here has been entirely self-supporting. No aid has been asked for outside of the parish, and the seats have been always free. Voluntary subscriptions and the weekly offertory have sufficed for all the needs of the parish. Up to last May there had been seventy-two baptisms, and forty-seven persons had been presented for confirmation. The present number of communicants is one hundred and twenty.

The field is a difficult one to work, on account of the large number of places of worship in the neighborhood and the comparatively sparse population. At one time a heavy mortgage incumbrance rested on the parish; but, happily, this has been removed, and the people are now able to work, free from that deadening incubus, debt. During the six or seven years of its existence the parish has raised as much as $21,000, of which $9,000 was expended in the payment of debts, in church improvements, and in charities of various kinds. Among other parochial agencies special mention should be made of the Woman's Aid Society, which, under the presidency of Mrs. A. L. Phelps, has been of material assistance in the work.

St. Paul's Church.—The first of a series of services was held in this church on Sunday, March 16th, specially designed for the communicants who have entered during the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Hodges, the rector, since 1870 About 300 persons were present.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON—*St. Stephen's Church.*—The third of the series of Lenten services was held at St. Luke's church on the 19th. A full attendance of clergy was present, the Rev. G. W. Stickney conducting the service and the Rev. W. O. Prentiss preaching.

FLORIDA.

SAN MATEO—*St. Matthew's Church.*—One year ago the mission at this point was organized by the bishop of the diocese. The missionary (residing at Crescent City) began it at the earnest solicitation of those not of the Church. There was one resident communicant. A few months

passed, and it was prooosed to erect a church. The bishop consecrated it on the 9th inst.—Second Sunday in Lent—the Rev. Mr. Weller, of St. John's, Jacksonville, preaching the sermon. At the Holy Communion the Rev. C. S. Williams was the celebrant.

In the afternoon Holy Baptism was administered to an adult and an infant, and four adults were confirmed; the Rev. Dr. Roche, of St. Mark's, Palatka, delivered the sermon. A large companycame up the river from Palatka, five miles distant, to participate in the services. New York, Long Island, and other dioceses were represented.

MISSISSIPPI.

HEALTH OF THE BISHOP.—Under date of March 12th the bishop writes as follows:

"I left the mountain under a *general* protest; but, thank God, have since been gaining health and strength every day. At first I could only confirm the few candidates that offered themselves. Now I can, unaided, go through the services and preach twice a day. Shortness of breath and weakness in the lower extremities are now the only obstacles to my full performance of duty. On the principle of 'turn and turn about,' I must ask my people, where I go, to visit me, as I have for nearly thirty years been visiting them.

"I have thus far kept up my appointments with but little help; but I am not confident of holding out till the 1st of June, when my postconciliar appointments will end. With the approach of warm weather my system relapses into infantile weakness. Thus far I have confirmed at Hernando, 1; Como, 1; Sardis, 5; Grenada, 7; Holly Springs, 4; Oxford, 11; Carrolton, 1; Winona, 2; Vaiden, 2. I never have seen the field more ready for laborers than at present. I could most usefully employ six or eight more clergy than I now have."

ILLINOIS.

PEORIA—*St. Paul's Church.*—This parish is resuming its old-time prosperity under the rectorship of the Rev. W. B. Morrow, formerly of Easton, Pa., who has been in charge here only a little short of two years. The parish had been rent by a schism of fully one half of its membership, who established a congregation in the Cummins Communion, under the leadership of Mr. A. G. Tyng. Old St. Paul's is now greatly increased in numbers; a debt of $5,000, which long weighed heavily upon the hard-tried and struggling parish, has been just discharged in full; and the daily Lenten services exhibit an attendance but little short of that to be seen on Sundays. These outward tokens of interest and prosperity, taken together with the good temper and united disposition now prevailing in these once stormy borders, may well make both rector and people take heart and be thankful.

DIXON—*St. Luke's Church.*—The condition of this parish (the Rev. W. W. Steel, rector) has greatly improved within the last six months. It is much more harmonious, and has paid off its indebtedness. The debt upon the property of the parish was $1,500, with interest at ten per cent. constantly accumulating. As the property for which the debt was incurred was not in use it was sold, the whole debt was paid, and $400 remain in the treasury.

Miss Cynthia Hine (a member of the parish, but not a communicant) recently died, and bequeathed to the parish a lot of land and a brick house, worth from $2,500 to $3,000, the rent of which is directed to be applied toward the rector's salary. The parish owns also a consecrated stone church, worth $20,000, and seating 500 persons.

MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS—*Lenten Services.*—Nine of the churches have daily Lenten services, and five have the weekly Communion.

Service for Business Men.—A daily Lenten service for business men is maintained at 1 o'clock in a room on the first floor directly opposite the Chamber of Commerce. It lasts twenty minutes, and, besides prayers, includes a short address. It has been very largely attended by gentlemen who could not enjoy the services at their parish churches.

Church of the Advent.—The bishop visited, on Sunday, March 18th, the church of the Advent, and confirmed thirteen persons. Two others had just before been confirmed in private.

WISCONSIN.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. DE KOVEN.—On Wednesday morning, March 19th, the Rev. Dr. James De Koven, warden of Racine College, died suddenly of apoplexy at the college. Several weeks before his death, Dr. De Koven fell upon an icy sidewalk in Milwaukee, at an early hour in the morning, breaking one of his ankles. The injury prevented his rising, and he lay for some time in the cold, and suffering much from his injury, when he was discovered by a passer-by. He was taken to the college at Racine that day. Under careful treatment, and the constant devotion of his friends at the college and in Racine, he was hopefully recovering from his injury. On the morning of the 19th, at breakfast-time, he was in excellent spirits and apparently in good health. After breakfast he was for some time in conversation with a member, of the senior class of the college, when, as their conversation was concluding he suddenly cried out for assistance, and was attacked by what was at first supposed to be a fainting fit. Assistance was obtained, and an attempt was made to administer a restorative; but it was found that he could not swallow. A physician was also sent for at once, but when he arrived Dr. De Koven's life in this world had come to an end, his illness having lasted only about ten minutes.

It is quite evident that Dr. De Koven's death was due to the confinement resulting from the injury received in Milwaukee For a long time, he had found it necessary to his health that he should take exercise in the open air every day, when possible, as its omission always produced headache or vertigo. It can scarcely be doubted that his enforced abstinence from this exercise during the last few weeks induced the fatal attack of apoplexy.

The funeral services were held in the college chapel on Saturday morning, the 22d, and were attended by a very large number of the clergy and laity. The interment was made in the college grounds near the chapel.

Dr. De Koven was born at Middletown, Conn., in 1831. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1850, and studied theology at the General Theological Seminary. After receiving Holy Orders, he was engaged in parish work in Minnesota for three years. In 1859 he became warden of Racine College, in which position he has been remarkably distinguished. As a member of several general conventions, he always held a most prominent position among their most influential members. In 1873 he received a large number of votes in the convention of the Diocese of Massachusetts as a candidate for its episcopate. In 1875 he was elected to the bishopric of Illinois, but declined the election. Last year he was chosen first assistant minister of Trinity church, New York, but declined that election also. But a few days before his death he had been notified of his election to the rectorship of St. Mark's church, Philadelphia, and it is understood that he had sent a letter to the vestry of that church, declining the election, the day before his death.

ORDINATIONS.

COLORADO AND WYOMING.—In Trinity Memorial church, Denver, Col., on the Second Sunday in Lent, March 9th—*Priest:* The Rev. Thomas Henry Truro Bray (the Rev. Messrs. Henry H. Haynes and C. D. Mack uniting in the laying on of hands).

CONFIRMATIONS.

LONG ISLAND.—In St. John's church, Hunter's Point, 16; Grace Church chapel, Brooklyn, 38.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.—At Fulton, 7.

NEW JERSEY.—In St. John's church, Camden, 24; St. Paul's church, 33; at Long Branch, 12.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the chapel of the Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, 47; Zion church, Kensington, 13; St. Andrew's church, West Philadelphia, 15.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.—In St. Paul's church, Harrisburgh, 1; at White Haven, 5.

MARYLAND.—In St. Bartholomew's church, Baltimore, 7; St. John's church, 13.

WEST VIRGINIA.—At Kanawha Court House, 9.

FLORIDA.—At San Mateo, 4.

ILLINOIS.—At Harvard, 6; Menominee, 6; Waldron, 8.

QUINCY.—At St. Mary's School, Knoxville, 1; Pittsfield, 9; Kewanee, 4; Asco, 8; Cambridge, 1; Preëmption, 26; in the cathedral, Quincy, 14; church of the Good Shepherd, 5; Monmouth, 5; Galesburg, 7; Rock Island, 8;

IOWA.—At Council Bluffs, 9; Red Oak, 5; Chariton, 1; Newton, 4.

MISSOURI.—In the church of the Advent, St. Louis, 15.

MICHIGAN.—At Lapeer, 11.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.—At Muskegon, 11.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices, one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line*, nonpareil (or *Three Cents a Word*), prepaid.

DIED.

At his home, in Meadville, Penn, on the 5th inst., Dr. WILLIAM CHURCH, second son of the late Hon. Gaylord Church, aged 39 years. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

At Fond du Lac, Wis., February 14th, ELIZABETH FENIMORE, widow of the late Samuel W. Beall and daughter of the late Isaac Cooper, of Cooperstown, N. Y., in the 71st year of her age.

Near Canterbury, Del., on the 10th inst., ECCA B., daughter of Dr. William L. and Rachel W. Lafferty, aged 32 years.

At Saybrook, March 7th, ELIZABETH ROBBINS, only child of Elizabeth Blondell and the late Richard W. Bull, M.D. formerly of Bridgeport, Conn., aged 6 years, 10 months.

Entered into eternal life, at Owego, N. Y., March 1st, Mrs. CAROLINE ROBERTS FAY, in the 85th year of her age, widow of the late Dr. J. Fay, of Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y., and daughter of the late Joseph Roberts, of Hudson, N. Y.

Entered into rest, at Greenfield, Mass., on Tuesday morning, March 11th, 1879, MARY FANNY, wife of Edwin D. Merriam, and daughter of the late Capt. Martin Smith, of Mystic River, Conn., aged 30 years, 7 months, and 13 days.

At the residence of Dr. Edward Clark, Hyde County, N. C., on the 15th day of March, his wife, FLORENCE, aged 29 years, 3 months, and 28 days. She was a faithful wife, a dutiful daughter, and a warm friend. She still lives in the hearts of many friends, though early summoned to her Father's home. "Requiescat in pacem."

March 14th, 1879, at Washington, D. C., of consumption, ELINOR KINSMAN, late of Portland, Me., aged 66 years. Interment at Portland.

Passed from death into eternal life, after a lingering illness, at Paris, France, March 9th, 1879, SOPHIA TAYLOR SHERMAN, daughter of the late Benjamin M. Sherman, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBITUARY.

Died, on Monday evening, February 24th, 1879, at her residence in Brooklyn, Mrs. MARIA B. BIRD, in the 76th year of her age.

It seems as if more than a passing notice is due to one who filled so large a place in the hearts of her family and kindred. A character of great natural loveliness, matured and perfected by a cheerful and consistent Christian life, she was not only the idol of a large family of sons and daughters, but all allied to her felt the blessing of her influence and example, and shared in her love. For many years a sincere mourner for a most affectionate husband, her sorrow was never obtrusive, but her loving smile and kindly sympathy ever ready for all. It is difficult to realize that on earth we shall delight in them no more; but we know that our dearly beloved is "where she would be," and that her Saviour has taken her to be with Him. It is the testimony of one who knew her well, and whose heart is saddened as he gazes on her vacant place in church, that she possessed to a degree rarely met with nowadays "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price." Her strong affection and her charity, which was always abundant, were largely marked by what we so often miss, *that delicate tact* which renders every kindness done of tenfold value. Indeed, this thoughtful consideration for others, which seemed always to enable her to do exactly the right thing at the right time, and in the right way, was a beautiful trait of her whole life and intercourse. It was Christian "circumspection." There is a kindness which is ostentatious and arbitrary. Hers was the very opposite—secret, without any thought of self, and only for the benefit of the recipient. This is the one thing, perhaps, above all others, which her family and friends will feel the loss of most. May God, by His rich grace, supply the loss we all so deeply deplore.

OBITUARY.

Entered into the rest of Paradise, at Milwaukee, Wis., March 18th, A. D. 1879, EDWARD LEWIS FITZHUGH, youngest son of Bennett C. and Sarah P. Fitzhugh, and grandson of the late Rev. Davenport Phelps, of Western New York.

Generous, noble-hearted, of deep, pure sympathies, his life, like sunshine, illumined and warmed every heart that could claim him even as a friend, and now that it is withdrawn

"Sorrow folds her wings in dumb persistence by our hearths."

But our sorrow is not as of those without hope. Peacefully as he lived he passed away; encouraging and strengthening to the last his aged, tender mother and devoted brother and sisters by his patient, uncomplaining endurance of the most excruciating sufferings through a long period of prostration. Preëminently he was one of those who, by his great, kind heart, would

"—— make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

We bless God for him, and ask for him a place "beneath the light that shines from the great White Throne."

OBITUARY.

Died at Savannah, March 14th, ROBERT MEANS MASON, of Boston, aged 68 years.

It is the privilege of one whose acquaintance and intimacy have extended through nearly fifty years to offer a tribute to the memory of his friend ROBERT MEANS MASON went to reside in Philadelphia about A. D. 1830—the year I went into business there. The nature of our employments was similar, although we were not necessarily much together. He remained but a short time, and then removed to New York, where he succeeded his brother James, who was transferred to Boston to become a partner in the house of James W. Paige & Co. Robert, after several years' residence in New York, engaged actively in business, became the partner of Amos A. Lawrence, in Boston, and afterwards was permanently domesticated there. He married the daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Francis, and subsequently went three times to Europe for her health, with the hope that the climate there might beneficially relieve a pulmonary affection which painfully afflicted her at home. It was during the second of these visits, in 1859–60, that, thrown together in the course of our travels, our intimacy ripened into a friendship which has never been interrupted. Having many interests in common, the opportunity has been afforded thoroughly to understand and as thoroughly to appreciate the elements of his character. The youngest son of the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, his early life was passed under the most favorable influences, in a home in which God's providence seemed ever present, in whose members Christ ever dwelt in their hearts by faith, and from whose midst never departed the Inspirer and Hearer of prayer. From his father he inherited some of his marked gifts, and during all his career he exhibited the same unflinching fidelity, integrity, industry, and directness of purpose which, by patient investigation and application to all subjects to which he gave his thoughts, led to correct decisions and corresponding action. It is scarcely necessary in your paper to enlarge upon the deeds and gifts of Mr. Mason and his sainted wife for Christian objects of beneficence, but that much of the good accomplished by them both was accompanied by so much care to avoid ostentation that few comprehend the extent and amount distributed in various ways.

It is well to note the examples of those who live among us, and who pass in and out in daily intercourse with the world around us; and, as we witness the general sorrow left behind when they are called away from us, to examine for our own instruction, and for the instruction of those who have not had the same opportunities of knowing, what was the ruling principle of their life and conversation, which made their light so to shine before men that they, seeing their good works, might glorify their Father who is in Heaven. We know that there are multitudes of consecrated homes over the length and breadth of our favored land; but surely there is nothing invidious in our giving prominent place to the examples of those steadfast, faithful members of our own Communion, who, having received the gift of abundant wealth, have shown also a conscientious desire and purpose to use that wealth to the glory of God, the Giver. Whether it be by showing hospitality, by providing homes for orphans, by aiding in the erection of churches and chapels, by ministering to the wants of the poor and sick, or by the support and encouragement of missionaries at home and abroad, and especially among the Indians and colored people of our land—in all these uses of wealth we have a bright example in the departed. It seems eminently proper that such examples should be cited as encouragements and aids to those whose work is not yet finished.

OBITUARY.

At Lowell, Mass., March 15th, 1879, Mrs. MARY D., widow of the late George H. Carleton, and eldest daughter of the late Paul Moody.

Mrs. Carleton was an old resident of the city, coming here about 1824. Her father was Paul Moody, well-known in the early history of Lowell. Her traits of character impressed those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Quiet, gentle, unassuming, yet, when the occasion required, her firmness and decision were developed.

In her family and in the community she endeavored to do her duty, and was successful. She found happiness in making the lives of others more happy. She loved and cultivated the things that make for peace. A Christian spirit seemed to pervade what she said and did, and in her religious faith she found comfort and support. What higher tribute can we pay her memory than to keep her example before us and imitate her virtues?

The funeral, in the catholic observance of its details, was of a particularly impressive character. The body was laid in an unornamented, black cloth casket, lined with velvet of a deep maroon color, thoroughly banishing the cold look of death. On the casket were placed two royal palms, crossed, and, below, a single lily stalk. As the casket was taken from the house, it was covered by a herse, over which was thrown a violet and crimson pall. This truly ecclesiastical pall was wrought by the St. John Baptist Sisters, at their work-room in London, in 1874. It is of ample dimensions, finished with a heavy fringe, over which are embroidered the comforting words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," and quartered with the blood-red cross with the *vesica piscis* in the centre, surrounding the sacred monogram I. H. S. The bier was carried by men, attended by pall-bearers, and followed by the friends to the church, on foot, with old-time simplicity.

The Rev. Dr. Edson, of St. Anne's, her rector for fifty-four years, read the service with even more than his wonted fervor.

The committal service was private. After the congregation had withdrawn the immediate relatives followed the corpse, in carriages, to the grave.

"Grant her, O Lord, eternal rest,
And let light perpetual shine upon her."

OBITUARY.

Suddenly, at his residence, Elizabeth, N. J., on Tuesday, March 18th, FREDERICK W. FOOTE, aged 63 years. He was editor and proprietor of the Elizabeth *Daily Journal*, and, previous to its founding, editor of the *New Jersey Journal*. He occupied many positions of trust in banks and other institutions, and was most widely known and respected. He was formerly member of the City Council, was an internal revenue collector during the war, an active member of the present Board of Trade, and was associated actively with every progressive institution in that city. He was for many years vestryman of St. John's Episcopal church.

MEMORIAL.

The rector, surviving warden, and vestry of St. Mark's church, Mississippi City, desire to place on record an expression of their fraternal and affectionate regard for the memory of the late CHARLES LLEWELLYN WELLS, a native of Pennsylvania, junior warden of this parish, who died of yellow fever on the 15th of November, 1878.

Our deceased brother had dwelt among us only a short time, but had endeared himself, not only to this parish, but to the whole community, by his blameless life, his amiable disposition, and his unpretending but consistent Christian character and conduct in all the relations of life. His zeal in the service of the Church, his liberality in her support, and the intelligent catholicity of his principles had marked him, while yet only a stranger, as eminently fitted for the parochial office which he filled so worthily during a period all too brief, but yet long enough to leave us to sorrow for a comrade who had become rarely esteemed and beloved. Regarded as neighbor, citizen, and friend, we can but express the general grief at his loss. As a Christian, he has left us the comfort of that "reasonable, religious, and holy hope" which illumines the memory of the righteous.

In token whereof, it is hereby ordered that this expression of the sentiments of the rector, warden, and vestry, and, as we believe, of the whole parish, be spread upon the parochial records and published in the local and Church papers, and a copy sent to the nearest relatives of the deceased.

W. LEACOCK, Rector.
W. T. WALTHALL, Warden.
JEFFERSON DAVIS,
W. G. HENDERSON, } Vestry.
JOS B. LEGER,

Mississippi City, Miss., March 17th, 1879.

DIOCESAN MISSIONS, NEW YORK.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of New York.

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—On the first day of April our *thirty Missionaries*, who, during the severities of the past season, have been faithfully doing their Christian work in the interior of the diocese, will be looking for their quarterly payment, and the Treasurer will be looking to you for means wherewith to meet the claims upon him. Dear friends, we must not allow these home obligations to be overlooked. It is my bounden duty to put you in mind of them, as it is no less your sacred duty to be punctual and liberal in discharging them. It is needless for me to point out the painful consequences that would result to every one of these thirty laborers should you neglect, or seriously lessen, your offerings for their support. Think of the exposures of the winter, think of the sick and afflicted to whom they have been ministering; and remember that in contributing to their support and comfort you help them in their "*going about to do good.*"

Your affectionate friend and brother,
HORATIO POTTER, Bishop of New York.

Contributions should be sent to
Mr. JAMES POTT,
Treasurer of "The Missionary Committee of the Diocese of New York," Cooper Union, N. Y.
March 5th, 1879.

APPEAL.

"THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,"
Tomkin's Cove, Rockland Co., N. Y.

Thousands of good Christian people who read THE CHURCHMAN have, probably, heard little or nothing of this family of little ones, housed and nurtured for Christ's sake.

In the Diocese of New York it is the only *country* protectory maintained by our Church for children whom the cruel tragedies of life leave despoiled, as it were, shivering, perishing on the highway, until gentle Charity may find and lead them in to her hearth.

Unostentatious (too much so, perhaps, to attract, in these days, the notice it deserves), practical, economical in its working system, truly Christian and churchly in its spirit and administration; it is altogether worthy of most liberal consideration on the part of all whose temporal blessings God has crowned with zeal to do good unto others for His love's sake.

All persons desiring information or printed exhibit of the affairs of "The House of the Good Shepherd" are respectfully requested to apply to some one of the officers or Trustees named, as follows:

The Rev. E. GAY, JR., Rector, and President of Board of Trustees, Tomkin's Cove, Rockland Co., N. Y.
Mr. AUGUSTUS BLEECKER, Treasurer, 83 Maiden Lane, New York.
Mr. ELIZUR WARD, Curator, New York.
The Rev. R. S. MANSFIELD, Secretary, Suffern, Rockland Co., N. Y.
The Rev. C. B. WYATT, D.D., Westchester, N. Y., } Vice-Presidents.
The Rev. T. GALLAUDET, D.D., New York, }
The Rev. GEO. B. REESE, Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., } Trustees.
The Rev. G. W. FERGUSON, Sing Sing, N. Y., }
The Rev. W. F. LEWIS, Peekskill, N. Y., }
The Rev. J. S. SPENCER, Tarrytown, N. Y., }
Mr. CHAS. H. DABNEY, New York, }
Mr. MARTIN E. GREEN, " }
Mr. J. M. NELSON, " }
Mr. W. P. BLEECKER, " }
Mr. O. T. COFFIN, Peekskill, N. Y., }
Mr. CHAS. J. WRIGHT, " " }

APPEAL.

The Ladies of Trinity church, Edisto Island, having organized a society for the purpose of rebuilding their church, destroyed by fire in 1876, appeal to the members of their sister churches throughout the land to aid them in the work. They have begun and intend, with God's help, to accomplish their purpose; but finding that with their unaided efforts they will not be able, for many years, to obtain a sum sufficient to warrant them in beginning to build, and having no consecrated building in which to worship, they beg that such assistance will be rendered as will enable them, at no very distant day, to assemble once more in a house dedicated to the worship of Almighty God.

The smallest contribution will be gratefully acknowledged if addressed to

Mrs. R. J. LA ROCHE,
Edisto Island, S. C.

I heartily commend the above, and will be glad to receive and transmit any contributions.

CH. H. HALL,
157 Montague st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

APPEAL.

We appeal to our friends throughout the Church to purchase seeds of us liberally the present season. Catalogue sent free of 500 varieties vegetable and flower seeds and bulbs—sold to build our chapel. Twenty packets choice assorted varieties vegetable or flower seeds $1.

We supply destitute Indian and other missions free of charge. Their orders solicted; also contributions to aid in this work. Address, Sharon Mission, Sharon, Walworth county, Wis.

A CARD.

The Rev. Mr HUTCHINS ventures to ask the kind indulgence of the many persons whose orders for the new edition of the "Church Hymnal" have not yet been filled. The first edition was exhausted within three days of the date of publication. A new edition is in press, and will be ready on or before April 8th. All editions are of uniform style and excellence of paper, and have the Chant Book containing the "Trinity Pointing," and the largest collection of chants yet issued. Price, complete, $1.00, with a liberal discount to parishes.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I desire to tender my sincere thanks, on behalf of my people, who are sufferers either directly or indirectly from the fever, to the following named friends from whom I have received packages of clothing:

Miss L. G. Darcy, Grace church, Newark, N. J., one box; Mrs. E. Clement, Germantown, Pa., one box; the Rev. James A. Robinson, Grace church, Cortland, N. Y., one box; the Rev. Charles F. Canedy, Trinity church, New Rochelle, N. Y., one box; Mrs. H. Fitch, New Haven, Conn., two bundles; Mrs. Rev. Frederick Holcomb, Ladies' Aid Society of Christ church, Watertown, Conn., one barrel; Mrs. Y. E. Chapin, New Jersey, one bundle; (no name), White Plains, N. Y., one bundle.

I desire also to express my gratitude to Mr. Wm. M. Goodrich, through whose kindness the friends were made acquainted with the wants of our needy people.

With many thanks to all who may have aided in any way in relieving the distress of our people, I am, fraternally,

C. H. THOMPSON,
Rector of St. Philip's church.
New Orleans, March 19th, 1879.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the faculty of Racine College, held March 19th, 1879, the following minute was passed:

"The Faculty of Racine College, who have this day, by God's inscrutable dispensation, been deprived of the warden, wish to render their united testimony to the faithfulness, zeal, and love, to the untiring watchfulness and never-failing courtesy which they have witnessed, day by day and year after year. Even up to the last day and the last moment of his life the welfare of the College and of every one of its members was his unceasing care. He has fallen at his post, faithful until death to the work which God gave him to do. The Faculty can only mourn with those that mourn, and put on record this poor testimony to what words fail to express.

JNO H. CONVERSE,
Secretary of the Faculty.

The "Woman's Guild" of St. Mary's Episcopal Church (Colored), Washington, D. C., intend opening a Bazaar on Easter Monday, April 14th, for the sale of various articles. The proceeds of the sale will be used in pewing, flooring, and otherwise finishing their new church (St. Luke's), now approaching its completion. Goods of all kinds are respectfully and earnestly solicited for this work from the faithful: Fancy goods, toilet articles, house furnishing goods, china and glass, cutlery, groceries, canned fruits, provisions, shoes, tins, etc. Please address Mrs. Henry Johnson, president, 43 M street, Washington, D. C., or the Rev. Alex. Crummell, 1522 O street.

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SAVIOUR.

East Twenty-fifth street, near Madison Square. Sunday services—Morning Prayer, 11 A. M.; Holy Communion, 12 M.; Evening Prayer, 4 P. M. On week-days—Morning Prayer, 9 A. M.; Evening Prayer, 5 P. M. Seats free.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY aids Young Men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you." Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK,
1224 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY

asks liberal contributions in aid of its Scholars [Postulants and Candidates for Holy Orders].

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the

Rev. ELISHA WHITTLESEY, Corresponding Sec'y;
or the Rev. F. D. HARRIMAN,
179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.

SPECIAL!

The Society for the Increase of the Ministry depends, to a large extent, on voluntary contributions. We need enlarged receipts to meet obligations. Will not many rectors include this Society in their customary announcement of worthy objects for Easter offerings?

ELISHA WHITTLESEY, Corresponding Sec'y.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

DR. EWER'S REPLY TO MR. DAVENPORT.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

A writer in your issue of March 15th draws inferences from statements of mine in the Newark Conferences on Catholicity which are so unexpected to me that I would like a space in your columns for reply, both in justice to myself and out of the deep respect which I entertain for him personally. I cannot but feel that Mr. Davenport has mistaken my meaning by not having given due weight to statements in the Conferences other than those he has quoted.

His first inference from what I said is as follows, viz.: "That the Lord, after His resurrection, did not locally, and in the form in which He had dwelt among men, or appeared after the resurrection, ascend from Olivet; but that the transaction that occurred there was the diffusion or dispersion of the substance of His human body, so that it might become an element of new life in men, being capable of indefinite expansion, and still a body of human matter."

May I remark, Mr. Editor, that, if I was surprised at the first part of the above extract, I was unspeakably amazed at the last part?

It never occurred to me that any one would suppose that I, or any other Christian believer, could deny that our Lord visibly ascended from Olivet. In the sentence, therefore, in which I spoke of His disappearing on Olivet, I did not think it necessary to say "going up" and disappearing. His glorified body certainly disappeared, and I supposed both hearer and reader would understand that, as a matter of course, I meant that it did so by going up out of sight. My statement was intended to take the subject up at the point of the disappearance; and my aim was to protest against the popular notion of a continuous literal ascension into the inter-stellar spaces.

He ascended "into heaven." But I certainly do not suppose that heaven is somewhere between Sirius and Arcturus, or behind any given nebula. I suppose that God is in heaven; and I do not suppose that millions of miles of space lie between Him and us. A plummet-line that would sound space to its utmost limits I do not take to be the measure of the distance between the God-man and my soul. If we look at this whole matter fairly and squarely, we shall soon find that eternity is not an exceedingly long time, and that infinity is not a very large finity, and that heaven, the abode of God, is not a very large or a very fair and far portion of space. Infinity is a totally different thing from finity; no stretching out of finity would ever make it an infinity; and eternity is so totally different from continuous time that the two cannot be compared together. When the God-man was on earth in His body natural, He was within limits—He was within time and space and their conditions. But the conditions of eternity and heaven are totally different from those of time and space. And here we strike the inconceivable mystery of one and the same Being existing in eternity (where there is no continuous flow as there is in time), and yet living and dying within the limits of time and space. Our Lord's human nature was surely "local" in Palestine. But God is not local; He is not limited. It is not true that a part of God is here and a part there, so that we have to go everywhere in space to find all of God. That is not the doctrine of the Omnipresence. God is not spread out as space is. But, if we may so express the mystery, *all* of God is at every mathematical point of space; and the definition of a mathematical point is, that it is without length, breadth, or thickness. "Where" is a word that belongs to space; it is bounded by limits; and, strictly speaking, God is no "*where*"; all of Him is at each point. And this, if I mistake not, is the true explanation of the phrase, "God is everywhere."

Now, my point was that the glorified body, when it ascended, went—not somewhere up among the stars to rest there—but that it went out of space and time and their conditions, and into the quite different conditions of eternity and heaven If the glorified body natural was thus to go out of space and time, it would, in consideration of the finite conditions of the men among whom it had been, surely do so by evidently and literally ascending, and so disappearing into its new conditions.

Thus, what I protested against was by no means the literal ascension from Olivet, but that theory (unconsciously held, perhaps) which carries the literal ascension beyond the point of disappearance to mortal eye. For if we go beyond this, whither are we led? When and where did our Lord's human nature stop ascending astronomically? Between what two stars (with reverence be it spoken) is He poised? The irreverence is in the theory which calls for such criticism. Or, if He is even behind the outmost stars, are we not still stranded on the idea that He is not only, in His humanity, immensely away from us, but that, after all, He is still within the limits of space and time? If His ascension was astronomical, where is His glorified humanity now? In which direction of the heavens? Between what two stars could it be seen, were it visible? If it be replied that this is puerile, then let me ask if any one can conceive and describe an issue that will correspond with the theory of an astronomic and stellar ascension that is not equally absurd? Is it not a fact that we all of us, until we seriously think of the matter, are apt to adopt a stellar theory, run it out into indefiniteness, and then leave it to take care of itself in its difficulties? Mr. Davenport and others may cling to the astronomic theory if they wish; but for myself, I will not believe that the glorified humanity is localized anywhere in space, and that it, therefore, with every revolution of the earth, rises and sets like the sun. The Church has never defined anything of the kind. Should it ever do so, I will, of course, humbly submit.

Again, the glorified humanity of our Lord went up to the right hand of God. I protested against the literalism (which, unconsciously to themselves, holds such control over the minds of many) of the Father seated on a throne, and possessing a right hand like a man, at which the glorified humanity of our Lord is literally seated; against the childish spirit of interpretation that would not translate the grand, suggestive, pictorial visions of the Bible into their higher significations. And my suggestions were merely intended to call attention to the fact that we, all of us, have literal notions and imaginations concerning these things which are really unworthy of God and of ourselves, and which dissolve instantly when we seriously gaze at them and try to fix them.

If the right hand of God, then, be not a literal right hand; if God, who is without parts, have no literal right side, what can the right hand of God mean but the power, dignity and majesty of the Divine Being? It was to this, then, as I conceive, that the glorified humanity of Christ went up at last; that, without losing its identity—still remaining, that is to say, essential matter—it went up to a co-participation, nevertheless, in some way above our understanding, with the power, dignity, and conditions generally of His and the Father's Godhead. Precisely to define the stupendous mystery no one, of course, is able. But from the moment of the incarnation we see Christ's human nature undergoing an advancement to fit it to be at last the eternal companion, in hypostatic union, of the Second Person of the Trinity. And we see this advancement marked by what seem like crises in its progress: the boy in the temple, the descent of the dove, the first miracle, the transfiguration, the perfection through suffering, the cross, the resurrection, the glorifying of the body natural, the "all power is given unto Me," and, at length, the final advancement, in the ascension itself, to the right hand of God.

The stellar theory destroys the mystery of the ascension; it belittles it with its literalisms and localisms. But the statement I made admits the real ascension; but it also provides that the Lord's humanity so went out of space and time, and up to the right hand of God, that it could and can, if I may thus inadequately express the idea, come to us wherever and whenever the Godhead of Christ comes to us—in short, that Christ, who is the God-man, may not be absent to us as man and present with us as God only, while His manhood is localized in some far and unestimated space, but that He may be present with us as the God-man always and at every mathematical point. And it equally provides that, when Christ comes again, He shall do so by issuing from His present eternal and infinite conditions, and descending into and within the limits of space and time, "in like manner as they saw Him go into heaven."

If Christ, then, when He ascended, went out of space and time and its conditions; if His glorified body natural went up to the right hand of God and to a co-participation, in some way above our understanding, with the Godhead, it follows that the God-man is not "locally" present in the eucharist, or anywhere else, any more than the Father is, for locality belongs to space and not to heaven: it is the sacred species of the bread and wine only that are "locally" present. And it equally follows that the smallest eucharistic crumb can convey the entire God-man to our souls as well as could the whole loaf, without any of that "indefinite expansion" of Christ's body and blood which Mr. Davenport charges me with so literally implying, as though I did, what God forbid that any one should do—namely, pry with curious fingers within the limits of the profound mystery, how Christ gives us His body to eat.

And this brings me to my honored friend's second inference—namely, "the diffusion and dispersion of the substance of Christ's human body," and its "indefinite expansion," to be at once the "element of a new life in men," and the material fabric (if I comprehend him rightly) of the Catholic Church. I trust he will pardon me for saying that all this is something so shocking and fearfully heretical, not to say fantastical, that I must leave it in silence, not unmingled with a shade of sadness. I cannot conceive how even the extracts, which have been torn from their matrix and their defining connections in the Conferences, could possibly be made to yield such notions.

Let me come at once, then, to Mr. Davenport's third point, which, he will pardon me for saying, is not a false inference, but a misapprehension of my actual statements.

I showed, first, that it was necessary for our Lord so to be *en rapport* with us on earth that He could speak to and touch us; secondly, that He was, indeed, in such wise *en rapport* with us while in His natural body before crucifixion; thirdly, that had that natural body remained on earth *without dying*, it would not have answered the purposes of man in space and time, nor could it answer those purposes in its present glorified and invisible and inaudible condition at the right hand of God; and, finally, that the body mystical on earth exactly met the required purposes of both man and God. Mr. Davenport rebuts this by kindly instructing me in something which he thinks I have forgotten, the glowing youth, namely, and beauty of our Lord's ascended body, and the vision of St. John in Patmos. But it seems to me that all

this has about as much relevancy to the point in question as a demonstration of the fifth problem in Euclid would have.

Lastly, I certainly do, with all true Catholics, hold that the Church, our mother, is a mystical personality; and that there is a sense in which it is distinct from and superior to, and logically, though not chronologically, prior to, its fallen members; and that it is holy and infallible, while each and every one of its members are sinful and fallible. My reverend friend denies all this. It is not strange. Indeed, if the Catholic idea of the Church had prevailed among his co-religionists, the "Catholic Apostolic" denomination would never have set up an independent line of ministry not deriving its orders from the original twelve apostles, thereby placing itself among the Protestant sects. But as the purpose of this letter does not extend beyond correcting false inferences from what I have said, I must beg to decline sustaining here the Catholic view of the Church against the Protestant view.

F. C. Ewer.

St. Ignatius Parish, New York,
March 18th, 1879.

A QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

I remember that a few years ago the question was agitated in England whether or not the salaries of young men in various branches of the civil service were such as to enable them to keep up that appearance in society which their positions seemed to require of them, and whether, upon such salaries, they could afford to marry with the prospect of having to bring up a family. To demonstrate that either achievement was possible, a number of young men published in the daily papers schedules of their several expenses throughout the year, showing in what way each one had expended his one, two, or three hundred pounds, as the case might be. What struck me particularly at the time, even in Churchly England, was the fact that not one of them failed to set apart a tenth of his income to the service of God; and there is reason to believe that not a few of them were as worldly-minded as young men are apt to be. Setting aside the thought as to whether the money so appropriated was really used in the manner indicated, the question that arises to my mind is this: How many of the young men who frequent our churches—making a unit in their congregations, if not partaking of other privileges—contribute a tenth of their incomes, or even any appreciable portion, either to the support of the Gospel or for the benefit of their less fortunate brethren? Apart from any higher consideration, it does seem that the mere feeling of justice should prompt them to render some equivalent in kind for the accommodations they receive at the hands of those who support our churches. If, as a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has asserted, the Church everywhere is developing into a purely social institution or club, into the treasury of which each person pays a certain amount of money in exchange for a certain number of privileges, then, by all means, let the young man in his strength help bear the burden, and not shift off on feebler shoulders—very often those of women—the responsibility of providing for the intellectual and physical enjoyment of which he is a sharer. In other words, if the young man comes to church simply because it is fashionable to do so, and because he can appreciate able rhetoric and fine music, let him also place his hand in his pocket and help pay what is necessary for the support of the minister, and for heating, lighting, and cleaning the church he uses.

William Higgs.

CAUTION.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

Will you please caution your New York city readers against two persons who have been fraudulently soliciting money by means of a forged letter.

Fortunately we have no debt for which such assistance would be needed. The fraud came to light through a remittance, which, like bread cast upon the waters, was returned to the kind donor.

Samuel Hall,
Rector Church of the Redeemer.

Morristown, N. J.

NEW BOOKS.

Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions of India. Delivered in the Chapter-House, Westminster Abbey, 1878. By F. Max Müller, M.A. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 382. Price, $2.50.

Prof. Max Müller is a recognized authority in all matters of comparative philology. We are willing to accept what he states as to the meaning of words in the language and literature of India. In fact, we should hesitate about contradicting him on any point raised in subjects to which he has devoted a long lifetime of study, and in reference to which he has, therefore, won for himself peculiar deference.

Moreover, the world at large, including its theologians as well as its linguists, owes him a debt of gratitude for the information gathered out of various recondite sources and presented in the latter half of this volume. The materials are exceedingly valuable, and some mind more philosophical than his will, we doubt not, hereafter use them to a purpose better than they have been made to serve here.

The author, as might have been expected, employs the word religion in its subjective sense only. He searches for the origin of religion, but he does not look beyond man himself. He examines, at the outset, the different definitions which have been given of religion, and finds fault with all of them, and then draws the conclusion that an exact definition is impossible. "Religion," he says, "is something which has passed, and is still passing, through an historical evolution, and all that we can do is to follow it up to its origin, and then try to comprehend it in its later historical developments."

The author, however, seems to proceed upon the supposition that religion is a mental faculty which enables man to apprehend the infinite. At any rate, he devotes nearly the whole of his introductory lecture to a discussion of what the word infinite means, and the way in which we become conscious of infinity. He distinguishes, and rightly, we think, between the functions of sense and of reason and of faith. He claims that our apprehension of the infinite "takes place independent of, nay, in spite of, sense and reason."

But when he comes to define the meaning of infinite he shows himself to be the advocate of a philosophical, if not a theological, liberalism, which very few will be willing to accept. He applies the word finite to all sensuous knowledge, and the term infinite to whatever transcends our senses and our reason. He thinks this term "preferable to indefinite, supersensuous, supernatural, absolute, or Divine, as the characteristic qualification of the objects of that large class of knowledge which constitutes what we call religion." But he continues—and we take the liberty of italicising his words—"*All these terms are meant for the same thing; they all express different aspects of the same object.*" That is, the supernatural—or what we think to be supernatural—and the supersensuous, even if our senses are so blunt that they cannot detect more than a portion of the natural, are to us the infinite.

Here we reach the fundamental defect of Max Müller's theory. If his definition is true, there is, of course, no religion outside of man's apprehension, or, rather, imagination. To the savage an eclipse is supernatural. It must be a part of the infinite to him, and the worship of that phenomenon deserves the name of religion equally with the worship of the mystery of the incarnation. Besides, ignorance and the superstition which grows out of it are the equivalents of faith.

We find scattered all through the volume expressions which embody this same philosophical absurdity. For example, take the following:

> Our senses, while they supply us with a knowledge of finite things, are constantly brought in contact with what is not finite, or, at least, not finite yet: their chief object is, in fact, to elaborate the finite out of the infinite, the seen out of the unseen, the natural out of the supernatural, the phenomenal world out of the universe which is not yet phenomenal.

Before we were told that our apprehension of the infinite "takes place in spite of sense," and now we are startled with the astounding news that the "chief object of the senses is to elaborate the finite out of the infinite." The only rational conclusion which we can reach, bewildered as we are amid these contradictions, is that the author, while he may be an excellent authority as to the significance of Hindoo words, is ignorant of the proper meaning of those in English. He starts with a theory of religion, and, to make his theory good, he invents a definition of what religion is. In that definition he selects one out of seven different terms, all of which "mean the same thing" to him; and having chosen "infinite" as a convenient sign, he proceeds to invest it with a fictitious and, we are sorry to say, a most uncertain character, and then goes on to elaborate his views and to instruct the world concerning religion.

This is a sad example, not of theological, but of scientific looseness. In behalf of the cause of philology, which Max. Müller is supposed to represent, we protest against his doctrine that seven different English words all mean the same thing. Granting that the Rig-Veda may be a Bible, and that the Hindoo theologian may be a worthy exponent of religious truth, we must, at the same time, deny that "supersensuous" is as good a word as "divine." This indiscriminate union of religious terms which the author advocates—this ignoring of the fundamental distinctions between them—will destroy the very foundations of "the science of language." The religion symbolized by Westminster Abbey will receive no particular harm by the delivery of lectures like these in its chapter-house, but philology cannot endure many heresies of the sort which Max. Müller promulgated there.

For, as he ought to know, words stand for realities; they represent not merely one man's subjective notions and whims, but objects. There will be the "finite" and the "infinite," the "indefinite" and the "divine," long after the author has ceased to enlighten the world with his wisdom. And it would be a most fearful degradation of language if all men should take it for granted that any one of these words can have only the meaning which he thinks fit to give to it. The finite is not the infinite; nor is the infinite the finite. Neither man's senses nor Max Müller's scholarship can elaborate the one out of the other.

The other lectures contained in the volume are devoted to an investigation of the religion of various savage tribes, and especially that of ancient India. We are told that Fetichism is not a primitive form of worship, but is, probably, a corruption of something purer and more truthful. Through all this latter part of the work we can go along with the author quite easily. The book, as a whole, notwithstanding its superficial theorizing, adds immensely to the stock of human knowledge. We are prepared to believe with him that underneath the sensuous forms of heathen worship there was a recognition, though dim and vague, of something higher than the outward objects of adoration. We admit that there is an element in common between the religion of Zoroaster and that of Moses. But, of course, we must hold, what the author apparently does not deem of much

importance, namely, that the latter is vastly higher than the former.

Yet, after all, we must say that, notwithstanding all the knowledge with which these pages abound, we have not been helped very far toward a solution of the question as to the origin of religion. The Bible would have given considerable light, but the author has preferred to follow, for the most part, the literature of India. He brings before us the Hindoo, the Buddhist, and the Jew, and ends by saying, in effect, that each man may take his choice, and call God "what he likes."

AN EIRENICON OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Proposal for Catholic Communion by a Minister of the Church of England. New edition. Edited by Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, M.A. [Rivington's: London, Oxford and Cambridge.]

The publication of every such work as this is a witness to the growing desire of Christ's body that its wounds and rents may be healed. "Our unhappy divisions" are daily becoming more painful and more evil, not in the world's eyes only, but in those of the Church herself. And every *Eirenicon*, by whomsoever put forth and in what terms soever, is worthy of the attention of Christians. If it emanate from a partisan spirit and be based upon partisan ambitions, the Christian mind is growing quick to detect this, and every such overture is quickly relegated to its proper station. The devastating war of sects and schisms has covered a period of many centuries; the cry is arising from many hearts, "*Usque quoad, Domini?*" and, unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, thousands are "praying for the peace of Jerusalem."

On the other hand, genuine attempts to bring on a new era of peace and unity in Christendom, to make the word "Catholic" not the shibboleth of a sect, but the name of Christ's universal Church, must necessarily take at least two directions: 1. Scholarly men must have scholarly *Eirenicon*. That this is a possibility, that the statement of Christian doctrine, and the positive sinfulness, devilishness, and degradation of schism may be exhibited in a scholarly manner, the volume before us is a proof. We commend it to the clergy, therefore. Thinking and learned laymen will find in it solid meat for their hours of religious reflection. 2. The great mass of believers are, of course, bewildered in Greek and Latin labyrinths. And yet the road back to unity must largely be trodden through those labyrinths. The question is, Who shall lead the people? That they are crying aloud for a leader, the sorrows, the unnecessary, unhappy contentions of innumerable households testify. We commend this book, again, therefore, to the clergy and the learned, that they may receive a new impetus to the leadership with which God has entrusted them.

We wish we could make lengthy quotations from the volume we are speaking of. But it would be necessary, almost, to quote from every page.

It is becoming of consequence to make a new classification of Christians. There are those who desire unity; there are those who desire and even glorify disunion. We do not undertake to say, here, who these latter are. Mr. Oxenham's book will help those who desire to know, and who are looking about for the marks of Christian unity.

EASTER WINGS. [New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1879.] Price 50 cents.

A charming little literary novelty. Every wing, that is to say, every page, contains an Easter sentiment.

THE MEDICAL RECORD. March 15th. [New York: Wm. Wood & Co.]

Among a great number of articles and items of interest to the medical profession particularly, this weekly journal presents one which is instructive to the clergy and the public at large, viz., Dr. Jacobi's paper on "The Remedial and Fatal Effects of Chlorate of Potassa." It is a very common thing to find on vestry-room tables and in clergymen's vest-pockets little packages of this substance. We have long had our doubts as to the value of this "remedy" for throat troubles. Dr. Jacobi's array of facts goes to confirm our doubts.

AMERICAN CHURCH REVIEW. [New York: No. 7 Cooper Union.]

This substantial and venerable periodical, now published every two months instead of quarterly, as in former times, comes to us, for March and April, with articles both learned and readable. Prof. Potter, of Cornell, continues his copyrighted "Influence of Christianity on the Roman Law"; the Rev. Mr. Anketell, his "History of the Church in Bohemia and Moravia"; and the Rev. Dr. Egar, his "Letters of St. Basil"; all of these being articles deserving the attention, not simply of Churchmen, but of literary men and lovers of good reading and thinking. The Rev. Dr. Cornwall presents a most sensible article, entitled, "The Roman Method of Pronouncing Latin a Mischievous Mistake." We are glad to see this subject taken up in so scholarly a manner. We have heard a great amount of nonsense from teachers and others about the *Roman method* and the *Continental method*, and what not. Dr. Cornwall says, most truly: "The Continental scholars of the several nations so differed from each other as to make the very phrase, 'the Continental method,' always a misnomer."

Dr. Boggs is conducting the *Church Review* with ability and energy.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. A Monthly Magazine for the Household. Vol. I., January-June. Vol. II., July-December. 1878. [Springfield, Mass.: Office of "Sunday Afternoon."] 8vo, cloth, pp. 576, 576.

This periodical has already won a high place in public regard. It has a large list of able writers, and the articles are generally of a high order. These two bound volumes contain very much that is worth preserving; and if, as we trust will be the case, the magazine should retain its present praiseworthy character and become firmly established, these opening numbers will be much sought after. We would not be understood as commending everything which may be found in their pages. The tone of some of the articles is, in our opinion, open to criticism. At the same time, Christianity is recognized and defended, and there is a manifest endeavor on the part of the editor to use its principles in solving the perplexing problems of to-day.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR APRIL. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

The *North American* is too well known to need any ordinary words of commendation. The current number contains a bountiful supply of intellectual *pabulum* for the statesman in Gov. Hendrick's article on "Retribution in Politics," Bishop Hare's, "An Indian's View of Indian Affairs," "The Census of 1880," by George Walker, and an editorial on "German Socialism in America." Literary men will find texts for their meditation in "The Public Schools of England," by Thomas Hughes, Henry James's continuation of the article, "A Friend of Lord Byron," and W. W. Story's second article on "Pronunciation of the Latin Language."

NOW IS CHRIST RISEN. [New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1879.] Price $2.

This is another of those admirable little books for which the house of Randolph is becoming famous. Its tasteful appearance and the general excellence of its contents give it an especial value as an Easter souvenir.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF ST. JOHNLAND. [St. Johnland Press, Suffolk County, New York.]

The fame of St. Johnland is almost world-wide, and it ranks high among the philanthropic enterprises of an age which is dotting the earth with hospitals, asylums, and homes. St. Johnland is under the management of a board of trustees, comprising many well-known citizens and Churchmen, and its purposes are: 1. "To provide cheap and comfortable homes for deserving families from among the working classes, particularly in the city of New York." 2. To "care for aged men, friendless children and youth, especially cripples." 3. To assist indigent boys and young men to an education. The average number of beneficiaries, the past year was 176; current expenses $19,176.78.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CRITICAL AND EXPOSITORY BIBLE CYCLOPAEDIA. By the Rev. A. R. Fausset, A.M. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

A superb volume of 753 pages, filled with information. It seems to us a matter for profound regret that in such a work the reverend author should have thought it necessary to consume so much space in a repetition of the often printed arguments for the belief that a bishop is not a bishop, a priest is not a priest, and an altar is not an altar; but we can overlook this, in view of the immense amount of evidently-conscientious labor which Mr. Fausset has expended in gathering and arranging the materials for his cyclopaedia. The definitions of Hebrew proper names, the collation of the results of the latest research in biblical lands, and a vast amount of statistical information will secure the volume a welcome among students and professional men. The illustrations, 650 in number, though small, are valuable.

POEMS OF HOUSE AND HOME. By John James Piatt. [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 129.

The author shows himself capable of weaving certain pretty fancies into respectable verse. His poetry is of the lightest kind. It emits light, but not heat. It has a certain sort of beauty, but no strength, and what beauty there is lies mostly on the surface. We doubt whether of all the lines here printed there is one which the reader would care to remember, or which he would ever find occasion to quote. They neither impress us with power nor touch us with their sympathy.

INDEX MEDICUS. [New York: F. Leypoldt.]

The second number of this monthly is before us. Galen and Hippocrates would be somewhat astonished to see a paper of fifty large pages taken up in the mere record of titles and subjects of medical books and articles published within the short space of one or two months.

LITERATURE.

A GRANT of £100 per year is to be asked of the chancellor of the exchequer toward the support of a Gaelic professorship at Edinburgh.

A MEMORIAL tablet to Keats was unveiled in Rome on Sunday, March 2d, Sir Vincent Eyre, Sir Augustus Paget, and about a hundred Englishmen, Americans, and Germans being present.

MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & Co. advertise in our columns a new edition of the popular Goodrich & Gilbert Music Hymnal at the low price of $1.00. This should bring it within the means of all our churches.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has placed in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for publication a memoir of his late wife, including some notices of his son, the Rev. Craufurd Tait. The volume will contain also the diary kept by Mrs. Tait on the occasion of the loss of their children some years ago at Carlisle.

CERTAIN Russian journalists, the *Academy* states, have formulated the project of a literary "Council of Honor," with a view of placing a restraint on the excesses of newspaper controversy. The originators chiefly belong to the staff of the *Golos* and *Nedélya*. The leading features of this somewhat utopian scheme are as follows: 1. A literary coun-

cil of mediation, consisting of twelve persons, to be elected annually. 2. This council to mediate in all cases of literary and journalistic strife, but only when appealed to by one of the contending parties. 3. In such cases, each of the disputants may choose an arbiter from among the members of council. It will be the duty of the arbiters thus chosen to endeavor to reconcile the parties, and prevent a resort to objectionable methods of settling literary quarrels.

Porte Crayon has a paper called "A Visit to the Shrines of Old Virginia" in *Lippincott's* for April. "English Vignettes," by H. James, Jr., is the next paper, and is a charmingly sketchy chat of bits of English scenery. Ventnor and Chichester, Cambridge and Cambridgeshire are touched upon with a loving, careful pen. Then follows a second instalment of "Woman's Husbands," called "The False Prince." Matthews tells us something of "Molière, the Life and the Legend," and "Ancient Decorative Stuffs" are touched upon by H. M. Benson. The fiction is not as good as usual this month, but the monthly gossip contains several very interesting bits.

The Unitarian Review for March. There is a pleasant literary flavor in this periodical which makes it welcome to our table. Not seldom we find in it the most generous and wholesome sentiments. For instance, in Dr. Beard's "Sermon delivered at the opening of Flowery Field Church," we find this: "I have said that it is all but impossible to shake ourselves loose from the influences of our spiritual ancestry." Why should you wish, dear doctor, to "shake yourself loose" from such influences? Unless, indeed, you refer to the more immediate ancestry of two or three hundred years ago. If that is your meaning, we can only say that a great many of the wisest and best are now shaking themselves loose, with the greatest satisfaction and comfort. Look further back: look to St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James, St. John. From such an ancestry ought any man to desire to *shake himself loose?*

THE ever interesting topic of "Actors and Actresses of New York" is the first thing talked about in *Scribner's* for April. There is no need to be discouraged after reading Mr. Matthews's article. Our dramatic talent is as good "as that of any other country," he says, and plausibly proceeds to explain why. The article contains many fine illustrations from the pencils of Abbey and Reinhart. "Haworth's" continues to hold the interest awakened in the opening chapters, while the other serial, "Falconberg," is ended in the present number. A very interesting article upon John Ericsson occupies, with its illustrations, a large portion of the magazine, but none too large. No one could fail to be interested in reading about so great and famous a man. Dr. Tiffany has a thoughtful article about "The Tendency of Modern Thought as Seen in Romanism and Rationalism." Various good bits of poetry are scattered through the volume. An elaborate account of snails, with numerous illustrations, and "A Journey to a Political Convention," by William C. Church, contain some curious points. His description of some bits of American scenery is very good. William Page, the artist, who says he knows so much about Titian and Shakespeare, has a paper on a post-measure of the human form, known to ancient draughtsmen. His singular discovery, he tells us, was owing to a text in Revelation, and the theory is explained by diagrams.

THE chief interest in *St. Nicholas* for April is naturally excited by Thomas Hughes' story, called "Beating the Bounds." It sounds very much as if it were from the same pen that drew "Tom Brown at Rugby," is pleasantly sketchy and uncommon, and is charmingly illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Horace Scudder leads off this month with a pleasant little bit called "Little Puritans"; and "Little Housemaids at the New York Kitchen-Garden" is a very pretty account of a new kind of industrial school for poor children, profusely illustrated. "A Jolly Fellowship" goes nicely on. This month the Three Conspirators are engaged in trying hard to reinstate a deposed African queen. "The Boy Astronomer" is not altogether agreeable, the small boy having a great deal of slang at his command, besides being in other ways unnecessarily disagreeable. It is extremely seldom that the judicious editor of *St. Nicholas* makes so serious a mistake as to introduce into its pages such a story as that in the present number of this excellent magazine, called "A Morning Call from a Panther." We doubt if any little child, or pretty big child either, could have this story read to him without suffering ill effects from the realistic description of the poor woman's agony and terror. Such a story cannot fail to do harm to a sensitive, nervous child. There is some very good and sweet poetry in the present number, notably "A Song of Easter," by Celia Thaxter, and some very cunning verses called "The Reward of Virtue."

THERE is so much of book-making nowadays—the working over of old material into new forms, as, for instance, synopses of literature and the bric-à-brac of history—that we wonder some of our publishers of religious books have not caught at the prevailing taste and adapted it to the class of literature which they supply. No one who has not considered it can know how immense is the body of good religious literature; what treasures there are of religious history and biography, of missionary adventure, of heroic endeavor, of fine poetic consecration, of pure artistic labor; but much of this material lies hidden in large books, in reports, in out-of-the-way literature, in voluminous histories. It ought to be brought out, arranged deftly, and presented afresh, with grace and attractiveness. If so done, how wide a circle of readers might quickly be found! For Sunday-school readers are constantly asking for new and readable books. If the Church would win the love and respect of these readers, it must give them its literature in the best guise, and not in the indifferent and uninviting form too often assumed. It may be said that the class of books we refer to are not very substantial food—that anecdote and biographies, for instance, are rather idle performances. But people will read anecdote and biographies, and the instinct of human nature is something we are to follow as well as to guide. The apostle made no secret of his method of being all things to all men. We, in our religious literature, might, at least, be pleasant things to some children without sacrificing the least of our high purpose.

SCIENCE.

A RETIRED foundryman claims that powdered charcoal—from pine wood is the best—thickly sprinkled over the burned or scalded surface and renewed as soon as it falls off, is a never-failing, grateful, and speedy remedy. It relieves pain, and heals as if by magic.

THE poisoned spears and arrows of the Samoa islands were described in a paper by the Rev. T. Powell, lately presented to the Linnaean Society of London. The fact that Commander Goodenough, of the British navy, was killed with these weapons in 1875 has drawn particular attention to them. The points are made of human bones. The poison with which they are tipped is first prepared as a fluid, and consists of the milky exudations and other products of various trees, mingled with a substance which is obtained from wasps' nests and the liquid yielded by decaying sea cucumbers. After the application of the poison the arrows are smoked dry in a kiln. Mr. Powell obtained this information from the son of a Samoan chief, but has not been able to determine the trees from which the principal components are derived. Convulsions and symptoms like those of lockjaw are produced by wounds from these poisoned weapons.

A VERY successful experiment has been made at the Westminster Aquarium with what is known as the albo-carbon light. Some time ago the application of naphthaline, or albo-carbon, as a means of enriching water-gas was debated, but the patentees have preferred to turn their attention to the enrichment of coal-gas, which at present offers a wider field for the utilization of the new carburetter. The lighter hydro-carbons have been frequently employed for the purpose in an experimental way, but there is a reasonable objection to the use of inflammable and volatile liquids, which cannot apply in the case of the solid naphthaline, vaporized as required by the heat of the neighboring gas jets. The employment of albo-carbon is said to double the illuminating power of gas at a very small cost, the naphthaline being at present almost a waste product of creosote.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE

ENGLISH REFORMATION:

How it came about, and why we should uphold it.

By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND WORDS OF CHRIST."

With a Preface by the author for the American edition.

"'The English Reformation' is, it may frankly be confessed, a history with a purpose. But it is none the worse for that. It is absolutely refreshing in these days of half-and-half' to meet a man who positively believes in something, and makes the reader feel that he walks upon firm ground; that there is somewhere, in this bog of doubt, firm footing. . . But let us hasten to say that this is a history cleared and well proved, and not a controversial tract. It is, moreover, not only a history based upon knowledge and research that will compel the reader's acquiescence in its veracity, but it is written with so much vigor, lucidity, charm of style, and discrimination that the reader will enjoy its perusal thoroughly."—*Hartford Courant.*

"The motive of this book, as explained by the author in his preface to the American edition, is to counteract the tendency in the Church of England and the affiliated Church in the United States toward sacerdotalism, to vindicate religious freedom from the slanders of its enemies, and endear to many the system which has made religious freedom possible. The character of the work, therefore, is distinctly controversial, and the reader is in no danger of forgetting this fact. With abundant learning, entire honesty of purpose, and a style of uncommon clearness and vigor, Dr. Geikie aims to set forth the facts, not because they are facts, but because they will, as he believes, tend to correct certain evils which he deplores, and forward the cause upon which his heart is set."—*Worcester Spy.*

1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. 512 pages. Price, $2.00.

Sent post-paid, to any address in the United States, on receipt of price.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
549 & 551 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

From New York to Portland, Oregon, Via Straits of Magellan,

With a History of the

Voyage, Scenes, Places, Incidents,

AND

Notes of the Journey,

Together with a description of Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.

By the Rev. J. D. McConkey.

The proceeds of the sale of this book will be applied toward building a boys' school in Walla Walla, W. T.
The book will be forwarded, post-paid, to any one sending the author 50 cents; or if any feel disposed to contribute toward this worthy object anything exceeding the price, the same will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the author,

J. D. McCONKEY, Rector of St. Paul's Church,
P. O. Box 202. Walla Walla, W. T.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

Written to A. A. Pattou,

Author of "The Correct Use of the Voice; or, The Voice as an Instrument."

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 12th, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR: You will not be surprised at the reception of this communication from an entire stranger when I tell you that your incomparable little book, "The Voice as an Instrument," has fallen into my possession; and my profound appreciation of the benefit already derived from it constrains me to write and express my gratitude.

For years I have been singing in the strained, throaty style you so well describe, until I became disgusted with my efforts and convinced that there was something radically wrong with my voice. So for some years past I have sung very little. Not until I read your little book did I discover the true secret of my failure. It is about four months now since I began to exercise my voice in the legitimate manner set forth in your work. My progress, of course, is slow, and sometimes I feel discouraged; but I *know* I have found, indeed, a new voice, and one I never used before. The lower and middle notes are wonderfully improved, and my chief difficulty now is with the upper notes, ranging from F on the staff to upper C. In running passages I can preserve the relaxed position of the throat muscles; but when I attempt to attack a high note alone, and especially at the beginning of a musical phrase, the muscles seem to get rigid, the old habit asserting itself. But if perseverance and patience will bring success—as you assure me is the case—then, life being spared, *I shall succeed.*

Very gratefully yours,

FEBRUARY 11TH, 1879.

Mr. A. A. Pattou, 23 Union Square, New York:

DEAR SIR: I have lately been reading your little book, "The Voice as an Instrument," and I want to thank you for the pleasure and information it has given me.

I have made vocal music a study for a long time, and have had various teachers before I came to this country; but frequently since living here I fear I am not practising rightly, and am now quite convinced I have fallen into bad habits of *breathing* while singing. To tell the truth, I do not remember any former teacher making this a specialty. I am anxious to learn the right method. My throat used to become tired after singing, but since adopting your method in taking breath I have no fatigue whatever.

I sing every day from the low contralto F to high C, and occasionally E flat.

Very respectfully yours,

THE

LAND AND THE LIFE.

Sketches and Studies in Palestine.

BY THE REV.

ALBERT Z. GRAY.

This beautiful volume will delight whoever loves to linger upon the scenes and places made ever sacred in their association with the life of our Saviour. — *The Christian at Work.*

Very entertaining—*The Churchman.*

12MO, CLOTH, 192 PAGES. ILLUSTRATED. PRICE, $1.25.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1.25, by the publishers,

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,

900 BROADWAY, COR. 20TH STREET NEW YORK.

EASTER CARDS.

The largest variety in the City. Discretionary orders by mail carefully attended to.

GEORGE R. LOCKWOOD,

812 BROADWAY, Near 11th Street.

"HARPS OF THE ANGELS AND SERAPHS' SWEET VOICES."

A NEW EASTER CAROL.

By LOUIS C. JACOBY. Words by Rev. A. B. CARTER, D.D.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

WM. A POND & CO.,

25 Union Square, New York.

NOW READY.

Sermons by the Rt. Rev. William B.

STEVENS, D.D., Bishop of Pennsylvania. 12mo, 25 Sermons.....$1.75

"Bishop Stevens, in our opinion, has no superior as a sermonizer in the whole American Church; and the volume will, no doubt, have a very large sale."—*Our Diocese.*

Steps to Christian Manhood.

Daily Words for Young Men. By ROSALIND MARRYAT with an Introductory Note by the Rev. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D. 128 pages. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth...80 cts.

"There is a period in every young life, perhaps the most critical, and often the least understood, when boyhood is ripening into manhood, and when every day is a step forward into the opening responsibilities of manly life.

"It is to this period that the following pages undertake to speak. They have at least the merit of simplicity, directness, and earnestness. Better still, they are outspoken about things which need to be frankly and courageously dealt with, and they recognize the perils of opening manhood, not in one walk of life alone, but in any lot, and amid the most favorable surroundings.

"Some Daily Words like these, which are not simply hortatory, but practical and specific in their counsel, seem to meet a real want in a very helpful way."—*From Introductory Note by the Rev. Dr. Potter.*

The Life of Faith.

Meditations from the French, with a Preface by the Rev. MORGAN DIX, S.T.D. Paper, 10 cts.; cloth,. 25 cts.

Easter Cards in great variety.

By mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

713 Broadway, . . . New York.

The Six Days of Creation,

By TAYLER LEWIS. 12mo, $1.50.

Bel-Marjory. A Tale. MEADE.....$1 50
Jean Lindsay. BROHE..... 1 25
Jesus of Nazareth. PATTON..... 1.25
Life of the Rev. W. Pennefather. 8vo..... 2.50
Our Life Day. SAPHIR..... 1.00
The Wicket Gate. NEWTON..... 1.25
Butler's Ancient Philosophy. 2 vols..... 2.50
Tessa Wadsworth's Discipline..... 1.50
President Edwards's Works. 4 vols., 8vo..... 6 00
Henry's Commentary. 5 vols., 4to..... 15 00

Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, N. Y.

New Music for Easter, 1879.

Composed, arranged, and published by JAMES H. ROGERS, Organist of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address 28 Sands street.

CHANT TE DEUMS.

No. 1 in F. No. 2 in G. *No. 3 in A flat.

Quartet part at "Holy," etc., "O Lord, in Thee," etc. Price, 10c. each.

The following in short anthem form under title of the

CHURCH CHORUS:

No. 13, Gloria Tibi in G, Kyrie in E flat, 10c. *No. 14, Christ our Passover in E flat, 10c. No 15, Gloria Patri in C, 10c. *No. 16, Christ the Lord is risen to-day, air from Mozart, 10c.

☞ Pieces marked * contain a short solo, being appropriate for festival occasions. These publications are intended for general use, being arranged in simple four-part harmony. Clergymen, Organists, and Choirmasters, all who use, highly recommend them. The increasing demand is proof of their appreciation.

Mailed post-paid, on receipt of price, as follows:

3 Copies of any one number for 25c. 6, 50c. 12, 75c. 16, $1.00.

EASTER CARDS.

A full variety from the Establishments of

Hildesheimer,
Prang & Co.,
Marcus Ward & Co.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,

900 BROADWAY, COR. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK.

THE DUTY OF CONSTANT COMMUNION,

A Sermon by the

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.,

Rector of Christ Church, Savannah, 1736-7, afterwards the Founder of Methodism.

With Notes, Historical and Biographical, by the editor the Rev. SAMUEL BENEDICT, D.D.

In Tract Form, 24 pages, Price, postpaid.	10 Cents.
One Dozen, postpaid,	75 Cents.
One Hundred, postpaid, .	$5.00.

M. H. MALLORY & CO.,

47 Lafayette Place, New York.

Bound in Canvas Cloth, trimmed with Russia, with Water Color designs, hand painted, on the side.

NOW IS CHRIST RISEN.

A choice collection of Easter Poems, with a number of Wood Cut Illustrations. Price..... $2 00

Also a limited quantity of the following standard books bound in the same unique style:

THE CHANGED CROSS.....$2 25
THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK..... 2 25
THE CHAMBER OF PEACE..... 2 25
ROYAL COMMANDMENTS AND ROYAL BOUNTY..... 2 25
THE ROYAL INVITATION AND LOYAL RESPONSES..... 2 00
CHEERING WORDS..... 2 25
THE MELODY OF THE XXIIIa PSALM, THE FOURTH WATCH, and THE OTHER SHORE, IN ONE VOL..... 2 50

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,

900 BROADWAY, COR. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Sold by the Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage paid, by the Publishers, on receipt of the price.

EASTER ANTHEMS.

ALL NEW FOR 1879.

The Singing of Birds. Fill the Font with Roses.	GEO. WM. WARREN.	75c. 75
He is Risen. Easter Anthem.	W. DRESSLER.	50
Angels, Roll the Rock Away. Easter Anthem.	A. J. HOLDEN.	50
He is Risen. Easter Hymn. Alleluia, Alleluia! Easter Hymn.	S. B. WHITELEY.	12 12

Send for full list of new **Te Deums, Jubilates, Carols, Hymns, Anthems, etc.,** by all the best composers. Clergymen supplied with sample copies at the usual discount.

WM. A. POND & CO.,

Music Publishers,

25 UNION SQUARE, New York.

"Extremely pretty, as well as original, not only in design, but in execution."

EASTER WINGS.

A Collection of texts with appropriate selections in prose and verse, arranged in the form of a wing, with illuminated covers tied with a ribbon.

Price, 50 Cents.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.,

900 BROADWAY, COR. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Sold by the booksellers, or sent by mail, postage paid, by the publishers, on receipt of 50 cents.

5 MUSIC 5 BOOKS 5

Piano Arrangement of **H. M. S. PINAFORE,**

By H. MAYLATH, $1.00.

Contains 25 pieces taken from the attractive composition. Those who prefer the Vocal Score can have it at the same price.

THE SORCERER. Words and Music. $1.00.

THE SORCERER is by the same composers as Pinafore and, musically, quite as good. Piano Arrangement by MOELLING also for $1.00.

HULL'S TEMPERANCE GLEE BOOK. 40 cts.

Contains a large and well arranged collection of SACRED and SECULAR songs for Temperance meetings.

CUPS AND SAUCERS. By GROSSMITH. 25 cts.

A delightful Parlor Operetta needing but two performers. Very good music.

THE GEM GLEANER. By J. M. CHADWICK. $1.00.

An unusually good collection of Anthems. All choirs should have it.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 & 843 Broadway, N. Y. | J. E. DITSON & CO., 922 Chestnut St., Phila.

CHEAPEST BOOK-STORE IN THE WORLD.

175,672 NEW and OLD Standard WORKS in Every Department of Literature. Almost given away. Mammoth Catalogue free. Books bought.

LEGGAT BROS.,

3 BEEKMAN STREET, Opp. Post-office, NEW YORK.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

2. First Sunday in Lent.
5. }
7. } Ember-days.
8. }
9. Second Sunday in Lent.
16. Third Sunday in Lent.
23. Fourth Sunday in Lent.
25. Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
30. Fifth Sunday in Lent.

THE DEPARTED.

BY ELIZA CRUGER.

How quietly they sleep.
The never-waking dead! With folded hands
So meekly crossed upon each peaceful breast,
How quietly they sleep! No wistful moan
O'er wasted days, misspent and unredeemed,
May issue from their closed and sealèd lips,
Eloquent no more. No weary sighing
O'er blighted hopes—like withered flowers fallen
Low in the dust, from whence they rise no more—
May dim their darkened eyes, or send a pang
Through the still hearts whose pulse is ice forever.
Soft sigh the winds above their silent rest,
Soothing to slumber evermore, as sounds
Flung from an angel's wings do deepen sleep.
About their dreamless couch the waving grass
Springs fresh and greenly; kindly curtaining
The sleeper from the world's rude mock and jest.
And aye the flowers—sweet missionaries sent
To turn our thoughts to heaven—do love the grave—
Sprinkling its mossy turf with rainbow hues,
And making of its dim and solemn haunts
Fit sanctuaries from the worldling's bitter laugh,
And its peaceful valleys and still woods
Abiding-places for the beautiful
Who have gone down from earth. In its still home
All the departed find a resting-place
Prepared; and cradled thus in silentness,
How quietly they sleep!

No more may weary toil and ceaseless sorrow
Leave a deep shadow on the pulseless breast;
They sleep the dreamless sleep that knows no morrow—
No sounds of earth may wake them from their rest.

No more for them the bitter, wild repining
O'er broken friendships, and o'er blighted love;
For sun, and moon, and radiant stars are shining,
Their calm and deep and stormless home above.

No more for them the waiting long and lonely:
The ceaseless watching of warm, loving hearts
For some bright gleam of hope, that cometh only
To cheer a moment's space, and then departs.

No more for them the agony that killeth
With the slow torture of uncertain fears:
Their rest is rest that aye forever stilleth
The bitter fountain of life's burning tears.

No more of earth, and idle earthly sighing
For the departed; they have found their rest,
And with hushed lips and folded hands are lying
Where mortal dust must wait its God's behest.

ONE DAY.

A Story of Realities.

BY ELIZABETH ELIOT.

(*Continued.*)

Lillie contrived to prolong the process of leave-taking as much as possible, so that the shadows of the great trees on the lawn were perceptibly lengthening when Margaret at last passed out under them and pursued her way to the places she had still to visit. These were soon disposed of with varying success, except the last, which she had intentionally reserved as a solace for disappointments and a refuge for ruffled spirits. And, indeed, her spirits were rather ruffled by this time. The sun shone out clear and bright, making her old waterproof cloak look still more shabby, while its weight became oppressive; the third-best gloves were stiff and uncomfortable from the combined processes of getting alternately wet and dry; and her umbrella, which had passed muster very well in the morning storm, looked now scarcely respectable, she thought, in the afternoon splendor of blue sky and sunshine.

She had not minded at all the thought of the discussion over the shortcomings of her wardrobe that had probably taken place in Mrs. Hollingsworth's laundry, nor the furtive glances of young ladies promenading in fresh summer costume; but at twenty-two the height of entire indifference to one's appearance has not commonly been reached, and poor Margaret was now to be assailed on a vulnerable side.

As she entered the street where her last contributor lived, she saw rapidly approaching from its foot the last person whom she would have wished to meet in her present attire. There was no escape from the encounter; no friendly cross-street into which she could turn; no house where there could be the slightest excuse for calling: on one side only the long, low buildings of a ropewalk, and on the other the church, convent, and school of St. Patrick's cathedral. There was nothing that could be done but return the greeting of the advancing enemy, "Maurice's friend," the young rector of the neighboring parish of St. Luke. He would very gladly have lingered a moment to speak, but "not at home" was too plainly written on her forehead; so he replaced his hat and passed on, while Margaret proceeded to her destination with mingled feelings of vexation and self-reproach.

"How ashamed papa would be of me," she thought, "if he knew that I felt ashamed of not being very well-dressed; and Mr. Earle, too, how rude he must think me to pass him so hurriedly! I am glad, however, that he could not know that it was for such a petty reason as fear, lest he might be mentally comparing my appearance with that of his elegant sisters. I had no idea, myself, that I was so weak-minded."

In varying language these same ideas chased each other through her mind, nor did her humiliating reflections cease until she was obliged to think of something else as she was ushered into Miss Martha Sterling's presence. One look at the latter as she sat at a shaded window, dressed in soft, gray silk, with a snowy cap surmounting almost equally snowy hair, might go far to cool the most flushed face and to quiet the most stormy emotions, and Margaret felt her influence even before she spoke a word.

The little maid who had opened the door announced "Miss Anderson," and disappeared. Miss Martha did not go forward to meet her guest, but as she rose from her seat, laid her soft white knitting-work on the broad arm of her willow chair, and, holding out her hand, said, in a deep contralto voice, "I am glad to see thee, Margaret," a stranger would never have suspected that the phrase was true only in a conventional sense, and that the steady light of the placid eyes came solely from within, for Miss Martha was entirely blind.

The placidity, as well as the friendly *thee* which sometimes, as now, slipped out in a moment of surprise, betrayed her Quaker origin; but for many years she had been a member of the Church, attracted to it, in the first place, by the response its services gave to a natural love for the beautiful and poetical, and afterwards adhering to it because in its teachings and its sacraments she had found rest and refreshment in many a crisis, when some outward help had been indispensable to her soul. She had passed through many trying experiences, and listened meekly to numerous "testimonies" borne for her supposed welfare by aged Friends, who considered that she had "gone down to Egypt for help"; but prayer and reading and reflection had only strengthened her belief that the Lord had left a visible organization on the earth, and that she had taken refuge in the true fold.

She had lived long enough now—for she was sixty years old—to see how worldly ideas and practices had invaded the Friends' stronghold, narrow and well-guarded as its boundaries were; and in her own part of the country the sect had nearly died out, as the older members passed away and the young people wandered into various religious societies, generally those of the most radical description, or settled down apparently satisfied with entertaining no religious views at all. She took a hearty interest in every means employed for the spread of the Church, and though she was by no means rich, Margaret was here always sûre of a generous supply of mite-chest money.

She sat down on a low seat beside her hostess's chair, unfastened her heavy cloak, dropping it on the floor, and, with an involuntary sigh of relief, threw off also the painful feelings that had oppressed her for the last few moments. Miss Martha heard the sigh, and touched a bell that stood in the window-seat beside her.

"I was expecting you, and I knew you would be warm and tired," she said, as the little maid appeared again, bringing a tray which held some glasses of iced lemonade, left it on a table, and withdrew.

Margaret laughed as she took one of the glasses, gave Miss Martha another, and said:

"Ah, dear Miss Martha, you do indeed know how to minister to a mind diseased."

"I am sorry to hear you are suffering from so serious a malady," replied her hostess, smiling. "Pray, is it caused by anything more grievous than the heat?"

"I don't know. Yes, I think it is a spirit of general discontent."

"What has gone wrong? Doesn't the mite-chest money come up to your expectations?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Margaret, conscience-stricken, and blushing to think she had forgotten all about the money; "I never got so much at any one time before. I haven't added the amounts yet, but I am sure I have nearly forty dollars."

"Well, here are five more to put with what you have," replied Miss Martha, producing from her knitting-basket an immaculate bill for that amount. "I sent Rosa to the bank this morning and exchanged the contents of my mite-chest for this. I thought several hundred pennies would be a rather formidable and spartan-like addition to your stock, and, somehow, my 'mites' were nearly all of that denomination."

"Thank you. How nice this looks, and how kind of you to remember the day!"

"Oh, I couldn't forget it," said Miss Martha, taking up her knitting-work. "I have been thinking about it all day, wondering how much money you would get, and imagining all sorts of destinations for it. I have been travelling across the continent with it, going in and out of the log-houses of the missionaries with happy surprises for them, and kneeling sometimes in the poor little churches."

"Yes," said Margaret, entering into the speaker's mood with her usual ready sympathy; "I know. And did you see any of our especial friends? Do you remember the dear old missionary who wrote the charming letter about the tea and the warm shawl that were sent to his wife? I often think about them; but, as there was no clue as to where they lived, I have to imagine them in different places. But it is two years since the letter was published, and as they were both more than seventy years old then, I wonder if they are still living on the earth."

"Yes; I remember the letter perfectly, and I have pictured them to myself many times. If I should tell you half the imaginary conversations I hold with imaginary people you would set me down for an arrant castle-builder. Shameful, isn't it, at my age?" and Miss Martha laughed in a low, modulated key that perfectly harmonized with the deep tones of her peculiar voice."

"I wish all castle-building were as profitable or even as innocent," said Margaret, unconscious of a shade of regret in her own voice, which was, however, not lost on the nice ear of her hearer.

"And on what have your castles been lately founded, Margaret?" she said, suddenly.

The latter gave a guilty start.

"Literally on air, dear Miss Martha. No, I rather think the foundation of the last was self-righteousness. I was going to be so exceedingly good to-day, the very model of an amateur missionary; and I lectured poor Phebe on the delights of poverty in the tone of St. Francis d'Assisi, and came away from home feeling so satisfied with my shabbiness and general superiority; and then the weather cleared, and I grew warm and tired and cross, till at last I sank into the depths of discontent with things in general and my own wardrobe in particular, and finished by hurrying past Mr. Earle with scarcely a bow, for fear, I am ashamed to tell you—but it really was for fear he would notice how I was dressed and make invidious comparisons."

"Yes, I know the feeling."

"Oh, no, dear Miss Martha, I am sure you could never have been so base. I even caught myself remembering Mrs. Carter's polite remark this morning, that papa's large family must be a great drawback and weight upon his career in life, and thinking what a difference there would have been in our circumstances if there had been nobody but Maurice and me."

"I am glad you did not feel it necessary to dispense with my friend Maurice in order to reign in solitary grandeur; but I suppose the fact of his being older than you saved his life."

"Oh, don't make me feel so like a murderess! You know I wouldn't really have been without any of them—dear, self-denying Phebe, and Kitty, with her bewitching ways, and the boys—how desolate the house would seem without them! It was a bad spirit walking along and whispering in my ear. Let us talk of something else. What deliciously soft wool you are knitting into socks! May I ask for whose benefit you are spending so many industrious hours, in this warm weather, too?"

"Open the cardboard box on my work-table, and see if you can guess."

Margaret opened the box and disclosed a pile of socks of the same soft, white material as that on which Miss Martha was working. Unfolding the topmost pair, she saw embroidered in scarlet letters the familiar initials "M. W. A."

"Oh, yes, I see," she exclaimed. "Maurice Willoughby Anderson, no doubt. My dear Miss Martha, you will spoil him. He certainly never had anything so luxurious before, and he probably never will again."

"Well," replied Miss Martha, calmly, "if a dozen pairs of white stockings can spoil him, let us find it out as soon as possible. But I do not feel very much afraid, and I think I know him pretty well."

"Yes, indeed. How many hours he has spent with you, beginning when he was a boy! Mamma was saying, only yesterday, that we must try in some way to make up his loss to you as far as we could now that he is going away. But then, none of the rest of us can read like Maurice; I am afraid we should only make you long all the more to have him back. People can't take each other's places, can they?"

"No, I think not; yet, it was a very kind thought of your dear mother's, and whenever any one of you can come to me I shall be very glad. Tell her how often I thank her in my heart for sparing him to me so often, especially in these last days."

"Oh, mamma is what Tennyson calls 'self-less.' I am sure one of her deepest joys in Maurice is the joy and comfort he has been and is to so many people. She never grudges a moment to any one else, dearly as she loves to have him with herself."

The tears stood in Miss Martha's serene eyes as she answered: "Truly, he has been my greatest earthly joy and comfort for years, and I have wondered much at his giving up so often the active pursuits and pleasures, for which every one says he is so well fitted, to spend his leisure time in reading to an old, blind woman."

"Dear Miss Martha, what a scandalous description of yourself! I am sure no one would ever recognize it. Why, Maurice says it is you, more than any other person, who have cultivated his taste for real literature, and made him not only acquainted, but intimate with the best English minds. I met Professor Eliot at a party not long ago, and he told me that Maurice's essay on "The Inner Life of Milton" was the best under-graduate paper he had ever read; and when I asked Maurice something about it afterwards, he said he could not possibly have written it if he had not read Milton with you; many things you said had been so suggestive."

"Ah, well, I cannot take much credit in the matter, for his power of entering into the experiences of others is a rare gift, and will be most useful to him in his profession."

"Yes, but a gift painful to the possessor, it seems to me. There is so much sorrow in the world that, if we take so keenly to heart all the troubles we come in contact with or read about, how could we ever enjoy anything?"

"Perhaps we make a mistake in expecting to enjoy so much in this world. I think we do not find promises of earthly happiness held out in the New Testament. It is true St. Paul says we are to 'rejoice in the Lord,' but generally he speaks of suffering and endurance as our lot on earth. This seems a hard doctrine at your age, dear Margaret, but it is best to face the truth in early life. It saves one from disappointment, at any rate."

"I suppose so. Papa says I am too much of an optimist."

"It is best to be neither optimist nor pessimist. We know that, finally, all things work together for good to them that love God, and we need to think deeply of the unhappy ones who do not love Him, so that we may pray that their eyes may be opened, which is all they need."

Margaret glanced earnestly at the face of the speaker, shut out, as she was, so peculiarly from human interests, yet feeling with and for them all; and Milton's own words came into her mind as she looked into the clear eyes that could not answer her gaze:

"God doth not need either man's work or His own gifts; who best bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best."

She took up the lately despised cloak and put it on with a far more wholesome feeling than that with which she had first fastened it in the morning, and went out once more into the street. A bow from Maurice, evidently hurrying to the railroad station around a distant corner, brought to her mind the lateness of the hour, though the sun was still shining brightly, and she quickened her own steps that she might reach home in time to receive Dr. Willoughby.

The latter was not by any means the obnoxious personage depicted by Alfred. On the contrary, he had many attractive qualities for the older children of the family, and they were much attached to him. In his way he, too, was fond of them, though his affection was mingled with a sort of envious regret that he had no children himself. He had been Mr. Anderson's classmate in college and at the theological seminary, and the friendship they had formed for each other in youth had never waned. He was a man of brilliant talents, and when young had cherished many noble impulses; but a marriage with a rich heiress, accomplished and cultivated in a high degree, but with the very slightest sense of religious obligations, had proved the deathblow of his early aspirations, and he had gradually sunk into the mere popular preacher, followed and flattered for the undeniably excellent literary qualities of his sermons and his agreeable manners in social life.

A slight tendency to nervous prostration had been fostered by the self-indulgence which is the very atmosphere of so many rich people, until now, at forty-five, all regular work having been long abandoned, he considered himself equal only, as was the case at present, to temporary service in a vacant parish, and generally spent his time in travelling at home and in Europe, in forming a magnificent library, in collecting fine engravings and pictures, and in miscellaneous reading. He did not follow his wife into the various transcendental regions of thought into which she was always making excursions, and he looked with equal indifference on all the systems of modern philosophy which she patronized in turn; but it was as though the Herbert Willoughby of twenty years ago had been spirited away, and replaced by a calm man of the world, with no past and no future, intellectual

and fascinating, but incapable of feeling keenly anything which did not affect himself personally. When Mr. Anderson tried to rouse him from this spiritual apathy, and recall him to the purposes of his youth, he always alleged the state of his health and the shattered condition of his nerves as reasons why exertion was impossible, and so the matter dropped. He was always so kind and affectionate in his intercourse with his early friend that it was impossible not to love him dearly still, and Mr. Anderson could not help cherishing the hope that some day some lightning flash of truth would strike him irresistibly, and bring again their inward paths of life together, as they had been in their youth. From time to time, as Mr. Anderson's family grew larger, Dr. Willoughby had pleaded that one of the children might be given to him to be absolutely his own, but their father had turned a deaf ear to all his eloquent reasonings.

"I don't at all question, my dear Willoughby," he said, "that you could give my children far greater worldly advantages than I can ever offer them; but the fact that they *are* mine, that God has given them to me, and not to you, is to me a clear indication that He intends for me to train them for His service. To place them in circumstances for which He has evidently not designed them would be, I fear, to thwart His purposes for them. They must be brought up in habits of simplicity and self-reliance, and taught to depend upon themselves."

As the older children grew up Dr. Willoughby would very gladly have given each one an expensive education, but these proposals were also steadily refused. The children were sent to the best schools their father's means permitted, and the instruction there received was carefully supplemented by their home training in habits of close application and hard study. This system had thus far proved entirely successful, and when, at nineteen, Margaret was offered the position of assistant in the high school, she was thoroughly fitted for it, and was allowed to accept it, to Mrs. Willoughby's intense disgust. Dr. Willoughby, debarred from purchasing the children's affections by material advantages, had succeeded in winning them by his own attractions, and now, while Maurice waited for him at the station, and Margaret hastily rearranged her dress and hair, and Phebe surveyed her tea-table, they were all thinking what a pleasure it would be to see him, and how they could best entertain him while he stayed.

At the time when the duties of housekeeping had devolved upon Phebe, Margaret, saying that if she bore the burdens of office she must also enjoy its dignities and pleasures, had insisted on giving up to her the position naturally belonging to herself as the elder, and so Phebe presided at the table, and the ordering of the domestic machinery came to be considered hers by right.

The coming of any visitor to stay in the house always brought to her mind with peculiar vividness the circumstances that had placed her in this position, and prevented her mother from ever again joining them at the table. It was on a bright September afternoon, seven years before, that Mr. Crowningshield's carriage, holding his wife and infant child, had stood at the rectory gate, waiting for Mrs. Anderson, who was going out to drive with them. Phebe, watching them from a window, could never forget the light step with which her mother crossed the little pathway, nor her father's voice, as he stood for a moment talking with Mrs. Crowningshield, after he had placed his wife by her side. She could still hear him saying, while he glanced rather anxiously at the horse, "Pray be careful, Crowningshield. I don't exactly like this new animal of yours." She heard Mr. Crowningshield's laughing answer, as he included the whole group in one affectionate glance, and leaned back to kiss the baby, saying something about his freight being so very precious of course he should take good care of it, and then drove off with exaggerated slowness.

The afternoon passed away very much as any Saturday afternoon might pass. Her father was in his study, Maurice out rowing with some schoolmates, Margaret and Kitty gone to take tea with Molly Chester and her sister, and the little boys in the nursery in her aunt Grace's charge. The only thing that appeared to be making the day memorable was the fact that Johnny, who was two years old the day before, had actually, for the first time, put three words together, and was shouting with great enthusiasm, "Mar mer tum bat." His aunt Grace, as an experienced interpreter, announced this to mean, "Mamma has come back," and bribed him at intervals to repeat it, so that his mother might be surprised on her return with a welcome from him, little dreaming of the long weeks that were to pass before a loud word could again be spoken in her presence.

Of the closing hours of this bright and peaceful afternoon Phebe could never remember anything very clearly. She could only recall a crowd of confused and terrified people filling up the little yard, yet hesitating to approach the door, and Maurice in his boating dress, pale as ashes, seeming to see nothing, hear nothing, till he stood in his father's presence; then, with the thoughtfulness for which he was remarkable even at seventeen, calming himself to say gently that there had been an accident, and that mamma was somewhat hurt, but would be at home presently. The rest was like remembered fragments of some terrible dream; the slow footsteps of the people carrying her mother to her room, the surgeons' carriages standing in the street; the little boys, of course, unable to understand why mamma did not come back as she had promised, finally crying themselves to sleep; Kitty, having been told when she came home that her mother was too ill to see her that evening, doing the same, and Margaret and herself in the deserted library clinging to Maurice, who tried in vain to soothe them, far on into the night, till their father came to tell them that Dr. Hunter thought they might safely trust that God would not now take their mother away from them.

It was impossible for any one to know exactly what had happened. The horse, entirely detached from the carriage, had come prancing into town a little while before sunset, and search having been instantly made by Mr. Crowningshield's servants in the direction in which they knew he had driven, they found the carriage a complete wreck at the bottom of a steep hill, along the length of which its occupants lay scattered at intervals: Mrs. Crowningshield and her child entirely lifeless, her husband and Mrs. Anderson apparently alive, but unconscious. Mr. Crowningshield, who had received a severe blow on the head, remained in an unconscious state for five days, and when he recovered sufficiently to speak, could not remember what had caused the horse to run away or anything about it. He came back to life to find that what had made his life's happiness had unaccountably vanished in a moment, and his physician fearing the effect on his mind of a prolonged stay in his now empty home, hurried him off to Europe as soon as he was able to travel.

For a long time Mrs. Anderson hovered between life and death, but at length recovered as far as recovery was possible.

The only interest Mr. Crowningshield took in his foreign travels appeared to be in consultations on her case with the most eminent surgeons he could find in Europe, and in writing out their views for Dr. Hunter's benefit.

Mr. Anderson could not refuse his friend the small solace of lavishing upon his wife every advantage that money could purchase, and the best advice in the country was brought to bear upon her condition; but all the authorities agreed that the injury her spine had received by her fall was of such a nature that, though she would, after a time, be comfortable in a recumbent position, she would never be able to sit up again; and to be lifted alternately between her bed and her sofa had now, for all these years, been the extent of her migrations.

(*To be continued.*)

A THANKFUL HEART.

Methinks of all the sins that pierce the heart of Christ anew,
And once again in bitterwise bring Calvary to view,
That in those hands and feet again the nail-prints deep impress,
The blackest is the loveless sin of dark unthankfulness.

A grudging soul that counts its sorrows, weighing one by one
The pains it bears, the tears it sheds, the work that it hath done;
That thanks its God, perchance, because it has a patient mind,
And for its crowning grace desires a spirit well resigned.

Resigned! that Christ hath died for thee upon the shameful tree;
Resigned! that still He lives and pleads in heaven's high court for thee;
Resigned! that He hath willed to thee His nature to impart,
And that for thee undying love burns in His human heart!

Or it may be thou art *resigned* to think that thou hast borne
One little splinter from His cross or from His crown one thorn;
Or that (when contumely pursued thy Master year by year)
Some word of censure of thyself hath fallen on thy ear.

Oh! sin against the love of Christ, of all the sins that are,
Methinks that this in heaven must move the greatest sorrow far;
Must make the soul of Christ to grieve, and angels' eyes grow dim
At sight of all He does for us and the naught we do for Him.

O grudging hearts! for very shame be thankful, if ye may,
That He allows such coward souls to suffer day by day;
That He hath left His cross on earth, nor carried it on high,
That ye, in likeness of His death, may learn of Him to die.

"O child," He saith, "of My deep love unto death's grasp I sped,
No place had I, save the hard Cross, whereon to lay My head:
This beauteous earth I made so bright and plenteous for thy sake
Yielded Me not one little spot where I some rest could take.

"I made the flowers, the fragrant flowers; but only thorns were found
To twine into the royal crown which round My brow was bound!
I made the fruit, the pleasant fruit; but none was found for Me
To slake the burning thirst that rose in My death agony!

"O child, whom I have loved as never mother loved her own;
O child, whom I have pleaded for at heaven's eternal throne,
Think not thy soul can brook to lose one pang I send to thee:
Know that thy griefs and sorrows all are measured out by Me.

"Each anxious thought, each sleepless night, each unrefreshing prayer,
Each bitter tear thou shedd'st on earth are in high heaven My care;
Each great bereavement, shaking the foundations of thy life,
Each unsuccess, each calumny, and all thy weary strife—

"I know them all, I send them all for very love for thee;
Take them, My child, as from My hand, and take them thankfully:
Be thankful for thy joys, but most be thankful for thy woe;
For he who ne'er felt grief on earth ne'er joy in heaven can know."

THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Acts xxvii. 30–44.

Verse 30 finds the ship of St. Paul anchored by the stern off the little bay, now called St. Paul's Bay, on the island of Malta. The most careful nautical study of the voyage of St. Paul has reduced it almost to a certainty that this was the place. The soundings given above in verse 28 and the description of St. Luke accurately tally with the place. The holding-ground for the anchors is remarkably good. The modern sailing directions say: "As long as the cables hold the anchors will never start." The "shipmen," that is, the master and crew, as distinguished from the soldiers and other passengers, were about to desert the vessel and escape by the boat. This they tried to do under pretext of carrying out other anchors from the bow. This was necessary, as the vessel was already anchored by the stern. Usually when a vessel comes to anchor it is dropped overboard, and the vessel drifts away from it, as it takes the ground by its own weight, and so draws the cable tight and secures its holding if the ground be good. But as the vessel was not moving, the new anchors had to be carried out to a distance and then dropped, so as to give tension and play to the cables. Otherwise the ship would be as to the bow anchors what is technically called "hove short," and "riding straight up and down," which would, by the force of the sea, "break out" the anchors or prevent them from "coming home." The pretext of the crew was perfectly plausible, and fitted to deceive all the landsmen.

Verse 31. St. Paul sees through the pretext and applies at once to the centurion, Julius, who had become his friend, though officially in charge of him. He says "except these, *i. e.*, the sailors, abide in the ship, ye," the centurion and soldiers, "cannot be saved."

Verse 37. Probably a brief order from the centurion was all that was necessary; and the soldiers, with the short, straight Roman swords they wore, cut the ropes (the falls) by which the boat was lowered into the water and let her drop into the sea, or, if already lowered and riding alongside, be whirled away to leeward by the waves.

Verses 33 to 35. The words of St. Paul do not mean that they had been absolutely fasting for fourteen days, but had been without any full and regular meals for that time. Food was necessary that they might be prepared for the further exertions to be undergone. The promise of the absolute safety of all is spoken, no doubt, by Divine inspiration. Bishop Wordsworth sees in the words describing the action of St Paul a eucharistic significance. Meyer and others hold that it was only the benediction of a meal ordinarily used by the head of the household. While the words are the words of the eucharistic office—"took bread," "gave thanks," and "brake"—it seems unlikely that he would have used the sacramental rite to a company of whom, save himself, St. Luke, and Aristarchus, his fellow-prisoner, all were heathen or unbelievers. Also, the meal was for bodily need, and not spiritual.

Verse 36 shows that all partook and were strengthened and encouraged.

Verse 37 gives the number of the passengers and crew—two hundred and seventy-six. This gives a clue to the size of the vessel, which, even allowing for much closer stowing than the present day, could not have been small. Conybeare and Howson estimate it as being five hundred tons, which, considering the necessary water and provisions and the cargo of wheat, does not seem too high.

Verse 38. Strengthened by their meal and the hopes of deliverance, they lightened the ship, now leaking considerably, without doubt. The wheat, her lading, must have been spoiled by the water, and had probably shifted, as grain, whether stowed in bulk or in bags, is very liable to do. The ship had been lying over—hove to on the starboard tack—for fourteen days under the pressure of the gale; and if the cargo had, as was almost inevitable, gone over to leeward, the first step in order to beaching the vessel would be both to lighten her as much as possible and to get her on an even keel. She would, if leaking badly, float the longer for this jettison of the cargo.

Verse 39. When day broke they did not recognize the shore seen through the spray and mist, but saw that it was a small bay or bight, with "a flat, sandy beach" (*αἰγιαλόν*). There they proposed to make the attempt to beach her.

Verse 40. The translation here is inaccurate—it should be rather "cutting away the anchors." There was no time and no need to get up the anchors, which would be of no further use. St. Luke's word (*περιελόντες*) is singularly accurate, nautically, "cutting the cables," "they committed themselves to the sea"—that is, got way on the ship, let her run before the gale and sea setting in upon the land; and furthermore, "loosed the bands of the rudders." The ancient ships were steered by two rudders, like broad-bladed paddles, one on each quarter of the ship. These had been triced up while anchoring, both for safety to the steering gear and to avoid fouling with the cables out at the stern. It is not quite clear what *ἀρτέμονα* signifies, but the best conjecture makes it a small steering sail carried forward. The object clearly was to get steerage way, and the mainsail, which was large and cumbrous, could hardly be set in such a gale. Under this short canvas they would drive ashore quite as fast as would be prudent with their purpose of hiting the beach.

Verse 41. "Falling into a place where two seas met" accurately describes St. Paul's Bay. The island of Salmonetta makes one side of the bay, and this would cause just such a current as might enable them to strike the beach. This, with a vessel of that size, would be some little distance from the shore. Just what might be expected happens. The bow grounds firmly, and the following seas break at once over the stern and the ship begins to go to pieces.

Verse 42. With the cruelty of Roman discipline, the soldiers propose to kill the prisoners. Probably besides St. Paul and his two companions there were others bound to Rome on the same errand. A centurion and his command would hardly be needed to guard three unarmed Jews. Of the hundred and seventy besides the soldiers it is not likely that all were seamen, and at that season of the year there would not be many voluntary passengers. Allowing for seventy mariners—a strong crew for such a ship—this would leave about one hundred prisoners.

Verse 43. The centurion, "willing," that is, desiring, to save Paul, interposes, and venturing on the risk the soldiers feared, orders the swimmers first to make the attempt. It is noteworthy that whenever St. Paul comes in contact with the Roman officials he wins their hearts. From Sergius Paulus, the proconsul of Cyprus, to Julius the centurion (whose name shows that he was of the Julian Gens, the family of the first Caesars), all yield to him.

Verse 44. St. Paul's prediction was fulfilled. Unlikely as it would seem in such a multitude, all reach the land. Some on loose boards, others on pieces of the wreck as the ship breaks up, get to land. The Mediterranean is nearly tideless, and on a flat beach at the bottom of a bay would be doubtless little undertow. The stranded bow of the ship would make a lee and smoother water. Nevertheless, the escape of *all*, if not absolutely miraculous, is sufficiently remarkable.

*THE SHIPWRECK.**

BY THE REV. J. I. MOMBERT, D.D.

Acts xxvii. 27–44.

In order to understand the history of the shipwreck contained in this passage we need the particulars which follow.

Julius, the centurion of the imperial cohort, who had charge of St. Paul and the other prisoners, had found at Myra of Lycia (then a flourishing seaport, but now a waste) a large ship with a cargo of wheat, on her voyage from Alexandria to Rome, and secured her as a transport. Prevailing calms or contrary winds allowed her to make but little headway, and many days elapsed before she entered the Aegean Sea, where she was exposed to the full force of the Etesian winds. This compelled the captain to change the direct course for one southerly, under the lee of Crete, on which they reached the Fair Havens. The favorable wind, for which they waited there a long time, came at last about

* Copyrighted.

the time of the autumnal equinox (fixed by "the fast" or "day of atonement," verse 9), too late for a safe voyage. The only alternative was to winter at the Fair Havens, or to hazard the doubling of Cape Matala in the hope of reaching the safe harbor of Phenice, on the south coast of Crete, about forty miles west.

St. Paul advised the former course, but the centurion adopted the latter. They sailed with a gentle southerly breeze, and hoped to reach Phenice in a few hours.

But they had hardly doubled the cape when a north-easter, called the Euroclydon, struck them, and compelled them to sail out of their course under the lee of the southern coast of the small island of Clauda. They hauled in their boat with much difficulty, and owing to the great strain of the waves and the leverage of a single mast with a monster yard, they had to trap or undergird the ship by passing a strong cable several times around her hull. The sails were lowered, the spars and rigging brought down upon deck, and "with storm sails set and on the starboard tack," the ship steered as close to the wind as the gale would allow (it blew E. N. E., and on the port tack the ship must have gone on the great Syrtis or sandbank on the African coast not far distant, v. 17). The foul weather continuing, the ship had to be lightened, even to the casting overboard of her tackling, including the yard referred to above, and was for days on the verge of destruction. Land was their only hope. Without compass, without an observation of the sun or the stars, the reckoning lost, utterly ignorant of the direction of land, the voyagers on that unsound vessel in a tempestuous sea were on the brink of despair (v. 20). Ceaseless toil and forced abstention from food (caused by the loss or the spoiling of provisions, and the impossibility of cooking them) had unmanned sailors and soldiers alike.

But among them stood one who had shared their danger and labor, whose courage and hope had never faltered, and who now cheered them with the recital of a vision, in which he was assured that all on board should escape alive, though the ship would be stranded on a certain island. It was the apostle, whose voice and counsel, disregarded at the Fair Havens, were now heeded, and his commanding influence during the rest of the voyage must be ascribed to the fulfilment of his prediction of a disastrous voyage.

At midnight of the fourteenth day out the sailors thought they heard the roar of breakers; and the soundings quickly diminishing from twenty to fifteen fathoms of water confirmed their suspicions. Afraid of foundering on rocks, they forthwith cast out four anchors at the *stern;* for ancient vessels carried several anchors of less weight than those in use now, and though they usually anchored at the bow, it was better and wiser in the present emergency to cast them at the stern, as it would steady the ship and render her being run ashore in the morning all the easier. At anchor, the storm sails down, the two huge paddles drawn up and lashed, they looked anxiously for the approach of day (verses 27–29).

With all these precautions they were in imminent peril: in the constant strain of wind and waves the cables might part, the sides might burst, and even daylight might disclose a rock-bound coast. Of this the sailors were well aware, and under the pretence of laying out the anchors from the bow to steady the ship, which was pitching badly in the current of the seas (cf. v. 41), they lowered the boat, intending to make good their own escape, and cowardly and heartlessly to leave the fate of the ship in the hands of a large body of utterly helpless, inexperienced landsmen (verses 29, 30).

It would seem that the crafty mariners had easily secured the consent of the dull centurion, who was in supreme command; but their well-cloaked and plausible expedient could not impose on the apostle, who, at the critical moment, while the boat was being lowered, stepped up to the centurion and the soldiers and told them, while the mariners were in the act of deserting, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved" (v. 31).

If we bear in mind that all this took place in a dark night, on board a sinking ship, in a tempestuous sea; that St. Paul's conclusion involved not only a mere suspicion of the conspiracy, but rested on an accurate knowledge of what was actually necessary in the emergency, and the clear judgment that the attempt, so far from lessening, would have vastly increased their peril; that the centurion and the soldiers were duped by the sailors; and that he was to them only a poor prisoner, we not only admire his wisdom and judicious interference, but wonder at the extraordinary influence he had established over the Roman warriors, when we read that with prompt, soldier-like decision they forthwith cut the hawser by which the boat was being lowered over the ship's side, and sent the boat, which possibly might be their last and only means of safety, to drop into the sea (verse 32). The Roman discipline is proverbial; the centurion's word and authority were for the time absolute; but the language of Christian faith and the spiritual authority of the man of God controlled both.

The impending danger that would have followed the desertion of the mariners was indeed removed, and all knew that the ship must go to pieces, and that her safe beaching was now their final hope of escape. But much remained to be done by the exhausted crew, soldiers and passengers. Their long-protracted, compulsory abstention from food and incessant toil and anxiety had rendered them unfit for mental or physical exertion.

To nerve and prepare them for the work to be done the apostle encourages them with the repeated assurance of their safety—"for there shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you"—and bids them break their fast, setting them the example of his own practice, after thanksgiving to God, to partake of food. The scene is striking, and a noble subject for the painter's hand: the dismantled ship, dimly lighted, riding at anchor in the turbulent waters; the weather-beaten mariners, the Roman soldiery, many with prisoners chained to them; and all, without exception, half starved and half dead from exposure and fright, cheered and animated by St. Paul in the centre, raising their hopes and thanking God for the bread he bids them eat. Where all were despairing, he alone stood calm, firm, and confiding in his God as Saviour and Deliverer in the midst of death; and roused to energy by his inspiring speech and action, they "were all of good cheer, and also took meat."

Thus recuperated in body and spirit, it became forthwith necessary for their safety, and in order to run the ship more easily on shore, to lighten her of her cargo of wheat, for which they could not have any further use (verse 38). This incident is analogous to the case of Lot, when the abandonment of all his possessions without a lingering look upon them was his only means of safety (Gen. xix. 17–29).

Long-looked-for day at last appeared, to reveal an unknown coast; but the practised eyes of the sailors soon made out an inlet in the bay, with a beach available for the purpose of running the vessel ashore. No time must now be lost. They first cut the cables and left the anchors in the sea, then loosed the lashings of their rudders to drop them for instant use, and hoisted the foresail, "which showed good judgment, though the distance was so small, as it would not only enable them to steer more correctly than without it, but would press the ship further on upon the land, and thus enable them the more easily to get to the shore." The sail they used was the *artemon,* the foresail: a larger sail would have given too much power to the wind. These three operations had to be done quickly and simultaneously (ἅμα, verse 40), and then they steered for the inlet or creek, in advance of which a clay bank arrested their progress, so that the bow stuck fast, while the sea burst over the stern and tore it asunder (verse 41).

Threatened with instant destruction (for the ship was actually going to pieces), the two hundred and seventy-six persons huddled together forward began to scramble for their lives; and as in the general scramble some of the prisoners might effect their escape, the soldiers, with genuine Roman disregard of human life, proposed to despatch them. But the centurion, from special regard for St. Paul, interposed his authority, and ordered that all who could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, while the rest, on boards and fragments of the wreck, should endeavor to make good their safety. The implicit obedience with which his orders were carried out resulted in the safe deliverance of all.

This final calamity was clearly the consequence of the slighted advice of St. Paul by the self-reliant and proud mariners (cf. ὑβεις verse 21 with verse 10); while the final deliverance was, under God, due to the admirable conduct of the apostle, whose influence over the Roman centurion was also the immediate cause that the other prisoners, for whom Julius cared but little, were not surrendered to the cruel purpose of the rude soldiery. The whole narrative is a beautiful illustration of the mysterious and benignant leadings of Divine Providence.

The land on which they stranded was the island of Melita, the modern Malta. The identity has been conclusively established by a variety of independent observations, a summary of which may be found in Conybeare and Howson. The late Dr. Kitto, one of the most painstaking and conscientious of biblical students, had verified them on the spot, and the valuable treatise by Mr. James Smith, "The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul, London, 1848," and the official English sailing directions, furnish all the technical details which the elucidation of the subject requires, and which in the greater number of commentaries are either wanting or misleading.

The holiness of persons lies not altogether in their bodily or mental separation from worldly people and worldly occupations; but also, and chiefly, in the separation of their wills and affections from objects of worldly

and sinful desire, and in the giving up of them to God.

THE PATH OF THE JUST.

BY C. N.

Onward and upward unto God,
The way is bright His saints have trod;
A starry path, a bridge of light,
It spans the ocean depths of night.
And shining ones are passing o'er
Its girded heights to yon fair shore—
A white dove clasped to every breast,
A cross each pilgrim's staff of rest.

"Whence came they?" Hark! they challenge meet
From one who would with joy repeat:
"Lo! these the lost whom Jesus sought,
The precious souls His life-blood bought.
He washed their robes in cleansing flood,
He made them kings and priests to God,
And, all their raiment glistening white,
Surnamed them 'Children of the Light.'"

But who shall tell what strife with sin,
What fears lest faith should fail to win;
What watchful nights of fast and prayer,
What weary days of toiling care,
What lonely years of sorrowing love
Will find their treasure safe above,
Whence none shall evermore go out
With truant step or battle shout?

Behind, their carnal foes are rife;
Before, the pearly gates of life;
Beneath, the baffled hosts of hell;
Whilst high the songs of angels swell.
For these have conquer'd, these have come
Through change and chance of earthly home,
And, steadfast in the narrow way,
Have reached the open gates of day.

All, all beyond in splendor lies,
Too dazzling for our mortal eyes;
Nor thought by day nor dream by night
Can penetrate its veiling light—
The paradise of sinless rest,
Where lean the just on Jesus' breast,
And, in His presence satisfied,
Wait the full roll of Glory's tide.

PERPETUAL GIVING.

It is the duty of every Christian person to be all the time aiding in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and aiding after the full measure of his power. By a holy life with its good example, by devout care of his own spirit, and sanctifying influences in his own household, and by helping in all works of his parish, and by a ready will to bear his full part in contributions for the maintenance of Divine service therein; by these things and by such as these deepening the gracious work, is a large part of the Christian believer's duty discharged.

But his duty does not end here. It is not enough for a society of the faithful to combine to provide themselves and their families with the ministrations of religion. They must have thought also for their brethren scattered in the midst of this naughty world, that they too may be saved through Christ forever. We must not forget the regions around, and our Master's command, "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature."

In brief, a part of our personal religion, a part of our domestic arrangements, a part of the daily method of our life, must be plans for having something to set apart to the unselfish work of missions—the unselfish work of publishing the glad tidings everywhere.

What the Church of Christ most needs is a baptism from on high. Then she needs a persistent inculcation, and this universal acceptance of this plain duty. Then she needs a financial system rooted in this fundamental principle. Then she will bear fruit to the Lord's glory, and to the helping and comforting and saving of the people. I account this root of vastly more importance than the fruitage of any one year, than the relief of any one present distress.

I think, brethren, that we of this poor diocese might help somewhat more largely than we do in the general work of the Church—in her missions, her charities — elsewhere; I think, also, that we might more vigorously push on our diocesan missions and other Christian undertakings. And I as fully believe that to accomplish this it is not requisite that they who are now systematically contributing to the Church's aggressive work should to any great extent increase their contributions. It is only requisite, first, that more persons should become contributors, even all persons if possible, and then, that they who now give but casually what happens to be convenient if they chance to be present when the missionary offering is asked, should give upon a principle. If men will only decide what they will give and ought to give, how much each week, and will then give it, presenting it in church weekly, monthly, or at such times as offerings for these purposes are made, and if they who now give nothing will only come forward and join their brethren in making offerings in the same moderate amount in which scores among us in but ordinary circumstances of life are now making them (and without feeling at all burdened), the business is done. Above all, is it done if the duty and the blessedness of self-denial for Christ's sake be recognized as it is meet. Is there not some process by which all our people, old and young, can be enlisted in this holy war? If not all, cannot the larger part of them be brought in?

I do not suppose that any one particular scheme can be wisely applied to every parish, so as to work the plan in all details alike. But the one end can be sought in every parish and mission, and sought by such ways as to the clergyman shall seem to lead straight to that end of bringing every member of his flock to be a systematic contributor to the mission funds.

In the effort to lift up the whole body of the Church to a higher life, and to a larger bounty, even unto this reasonable level that there shall remain no Christian person who does not each week set apart something definite, according to his individual judgment of his ability and duty, to be devoted to missionary objects, in the effort, I say, to bring up all the people to this, evidently they who are eminent above the rest, through God's blessing making them rich, must not sink down to the average level in the sums they contribute.

The whole surface of the ocean is raised in tides by the attraction from above, but this does not forbid the waves to lift themselves as far above this higher plain as they rose above the lower level before the tides set in. Rains come down from heaven, and the moisture diffused throughout the genial soil makes the earth to cover her entire surface with flower, and foliage, and fruit—a cluster here, a leaf, a grass-blade there, one clothing of beauty and of wealth. This does not hinder, nay, it rather causes, in the more favored spots, fountains to bubble up, and streams to break forth in gladness. One pervading principle of nature lies underneath. One cause creates the universal joy.

And if showers of Divine grace fall upon the Church, causing small offerings from all her members to rise up before God perpetually an immense aggregate, there is little danger that the generosity of any rich man's heart, watered from on high, will be dried up in consequence. There is little danger, I trust, that its outflow of large and bounteous helpfulness will be anywise diminished. "Every man according to his several ability," is the right rule. They who have wealth and a good heart, besides entering cordially into any plan adopted in their parish to bring all into habits of conscientious, systematic offerings, will, from time to time, make more considerable benefactions in special gifts to the building and endowing of churches, to the furnishing of the entire stipend of some missionary, to the establishing and maintaining of homes for the needy, the orphan, the aged, the helpless of all kinds, to founding and endowing institutions of Christian learning.

Large gifts from the rich, and sums not large if viewed singly, but taken together piling themselves high in the total amount, because coming steadily from each person among the faithful, these united are the things wanted. The two should go together always.

And they will go together in just so far as Divine love pervades the Church, and as the Christian perceives his high calling. The Church he is bidden to care for. The Church is his Saviour's spouse. Is it nothing to him that his Lord's bride is wrapped about with mean clothing, and sitteth in the dust? The Church is Christ's body. Is it nothing to him that his Lord's body is an hungered, and wounded, and cast out neglected? Christ his Master made it his business to go about doing good, and finally to give Himself for us. What kind of a disciple is he that will not follow where his Master led? Nay, more. Christ is the Head, and we are baptized into Him, and made members of Him, that we may drink in of His Spirit and be one with Him. What kind of members are they that will not do the bidding of the Head? Though they have by baptism been made members of His body which is the Church, what vital, saving union have they with Him? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." "He is cast forth as a branch, and is withered."

The gracious Lord hath been pleased to put upon His Church the infinite honor of being in some kind His representative—His messenger upon earth. In her and by her is He present to heal and to save. What shall we say of that Church which refuseth to be the Lord's messenger of comfort? refuseth to let His compassion shine forth through her, and careth not to seek out and to bring home the lost?

These things I hold to be self-evident:

1. Excepting the very poor, them that have nothing, all should be steadily giving for others' good.

2. They should give, not because of some specially urgent need at the time, but rather because they are Christians, and by the very law of their new life in the self-forgetting One, who for others, for us, gave Himself.

3. They should give each according to his ability, "as God hath prospered him," and they may vary the amount from time to time, as prosperity in their affairs or adversity be sent them.

4. None are required or permitted to bring distress upon their own families, to the end that they may give more largely without; yet the Christian in his offerings may well sometimes go to the extent of sharp self-denial

And he who devises honest ways of saving or of earning, that he may have wherewith to help his brethren and to glorify his Master, will be blessed in his own soul, and will be a rich man in heaven.

5. Christians should give not by chance, in spasmodic ways, like children carried about by a momentary feeling, but according to reason—deliberately, with conscientious forecast, and upon some chosen method. Sound wisdom and the apostolic "order" "unto the Churches in Galatia," and to the Church in Corinth, unite in favor of a definite weekly sum for each to "lay by" "on the first day of the week." Of course the sum will be fixed and varied by the giver himself.

6. This systematic giving will last as long as we are disciples of the Loving One—our Gift, our Example—that is to say, giving steadily and gladly must continue as long as we live.

Here lies the plain path out of embarrassments and all sorts of makeshifts; out of our own sin, and out of the Church's dishonor. This path conducts us on by the steps of a clear duty. In this way, and only in this, are the Church's pressing necessities in her aggressive work to be worthily and satisfactorily met.

In our own mission stations persons will be found who accept this principle as sound, and the duty as binding in general; but who are disposed to say in sincerity, How can it be wise or right for us to make contributions for missions elsewhere, when we are not yet able to support our own mission, and when we are actually receiving aid? To such honest inquiries two things can be justly pointed out. First, it is good for our own hearts, and it is the will of God, that we should have thoughts for others, and should not be wrapped up in ourselves. A poor man is not unwise sometimes to share his crust with a poorer neighbor. And then, in the second place, so far as offerings for missions within the diocese are regarded, and to domestic missions in general, for the most, whatever is received into the missionary treasury from missions and parishes all comes back finally to the missions to help them the sooner to get upon their feet, and to become self-sustaining parishes. "There is that giveth, and yet increaseth." Receiving their own with increase, therefore, they may take heart in making some especial exertions to promote any general effort in the diocese to add to missionary funds. This prudential consideration is a sufficient reply to that particular objection. Otherwise it is apart from the main motive of unselfish and most genuine giving, and is not much to be insisted on.

I ask you, then, my beloved brethren of the clergy, to join me in bringing more into the foreground in our teachings than we have hitherto done, this duty of systematic liberal offerings. We ought to present it, not as a means of getting money—not as a thing that must be done or the work of God will stop—though this might well constitute motive enough with them to whom the kingdom of God is the first thing; but we should rather, in the main, set it before the flock of Christ as the natural and healthy condition of a renewed heart to desire to be helpful, to seek out ways of blessing others, and to be painstaking in the doing of it, and to tire not. We should make it plain to all committed unto us, that if they would walk worthy of the Christian calling, giving is one of the essential ways, and that without it whatever one is, he is certainly not a disciple of the Crucified.

Let the pastors, in much prayer and a new consecration, give themselves to this holy task. It is nothing more and nothing else than to teach what the Christian life means, what its leading principle is: the life of Christ, the life that He led, and that He now imparts to His true members, living itself out in ourselves. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Here we plant ourselves. We are dealing not with the transient, but with the permanent—not with a temporary want, but with an abiding duty.

The whole body of the Church must take hold of this evangelical revival—laymen and women and children—with their minister. They must speak about it with one another in their homes as they sit down in social converse, till their hearts are aglow with heavenly love. Parents must be first taught of the Holy Spirit, and they must then inculcate right principles among their children, and must see to it that these principles be now acted upon, and that right habits of saving and of giving be now forming. Teachers in the Sunday-school, pastors in catechising, sponsors in discharging their obligations, all must combine to insure that the young grow not up without understanding what the Christian religion is, without knowing what the covenant of their discipleship means. First we receive, then we bestow. We receive the free gift of redemption and pardon, and of ingrafting into the Blessed One; then from Him, and for Him, we do what we can to diffuse these benefits among all men. Here is our motive and our standing ground,—"Freely ye have received, freely give." Above all, therefore, should the clergyman, in the instruction of persons to be presented for confirmation, make it sure that none be admitted to this rite and to the Lord's table who do not yet perceive and recognize what is involved in being "made a member of Christ."

Discouragements we shall meet with, and disappointments, for many are slow to learn, and some love not the Lord Jesus Christ. Many do love Him, and are only waiting to be taught, and to be led into the work.

Let every rector and every missionary be fully persuaded that each person given into his care is sacredly obliged to be contributing something, systematically and gladly, to send the blessings in Christ to those outside of his own parish or cure. Let the minister be possessed with this conviction of his people's duty and calling. Let his soul be filled with zeal to bring them to realize their high privilege, and to rise to the full measure of it, so that he cannot rest until they do it, and the flame will spread. Devout hearts will catch the inspiration—a few here and a few there. Let him not be put back by obstacles, or swayed to one side by petty objections, and by the narrow views of some good people. If he hold steadily on in the way of duty, the reward will come in God's good time. Some uplifting of spiritual aim will soon follow, and some quickening of devotion. If but one half of the worshippers in our congregations accept their duty and undertake to do it, the offerings for missions—that is to say, for things wholly unselfish—will be trebled at the least. Consuming anxieties will be allayed. The bishop will be freed from care incessant to "serve tables," and will be released to attend to his proper work. When he visits the parishes his talking will not have to be of empty treasuries and financial needs. Sensational ways and temporary expedients to get money for an urgent occasion can be more and more dispensed with, and all devices unworthy of the kingdom of God. The clergy of every order—bishop, priest, and deacon—will have the consciousness that they have done what they could. We then, beloved, shall be clear in the day of the Lord.

The gracious Lord give His people ears that we may hear. The Lord open our eyes that we may see. The Lord inspire our hearts that we may do. The Lord grant us mercy in that day.—*Bishop Niles in Convention Address.*

TO WHITTIER.

On Reading his Poem, "At Eventide."

Oh, sober-tinted singer, singing still
"At Eventide!" Who, clear-eyed, looking back
Down the long day of mingled light and shade,
Canst give full thanks for boon of life;
And, counting o'er thine hours, deny consent
To him who sings "'Twere better not to be."
Yet one more grain put in the balances
On that side which already lower droops.
With this undrossèd treasure it shall dip
Into that space beyond the Eventide,
To follow which, and truly estimate,
Thine eye must be anointed of Eternity.

This, not thy song's relief to thine own heart,
But thy song's errand to another's heart.

Another, who stood ready at the noon.
Seeing the heavens, to his eye, were brass,
And, to his hand, the earth was empty air,
Bewildered with the pile of circumstance
Blocking too high strenuous endeavor's way,
Defying pride at last, and conscience too,
That keeps our fingers from untying life,
Ready, with the ignoble most, to cry
"'Twere better not to be!"

To such a one, thy words from Eventide
Came with the touch Divine of Him
Who, laying but the common mother-clay
Of this our cloddish life upon the eye,
Strengthens the vision to behold indeed
The life within the life. Teaches forlorn
Endeavor how to climb up circumstance,
Though it fall back. Consuming shame
Transmutes to nourishing penitence;
And alchemizes to success—defeat.

O singer, singing still at Eventide,
Rejoice in this beyond all other joy,
Reckon this gain beyond all other gain,
Which makes life worth the living; this,
That thou dost help another to live on.
But to esteem rightly this gain, thou must wait,
Until thou turn thy backward gaze from far
Beyond where still thou sing'st, at Eventide.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE DR. WELLS.

The following just and eloquent tribute to the character and work of the late Rev. E. M. P. Wells, D.D., is of special interest, as showing the esteem in which the deceased was held outside of the communion of the Episcopal Church. It is from the pen of the Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., preacher to the University at Cambridge, and occurs in a sermon delivered by him in the college chapel the Sunday after Dr. Wells's death:

"I saw announced in yesterday's papers the death of a man who, as it seems to me, was as wise a friend as the poor of a great city ever had—the Rev. Dr. Wells. He was a model of self-sacrifice. He gave himself, his own hale, hearty, intense humanity, itself an immense power wherever he went; and till his majestic form was bowed and crippled by four-score years or more, he was incessant in his personal ministries to the poor, never leaving any bodily want un-

cared for, and at the same time laboring as a Christian apostle to save polluted and imperilled souls, carrying the bread for starving families in one hand and the bread of life in both, and in a whole, great, noble, Christ-inspired heart. Few are adequate to a work like his, which needed more than piety or religious genius—if I may use a phrase which has been sadly abused. But the spirit in which he wrought is the spirit which should animate us in every work of usefulness—a like unselfishness in whatever we do for others; a like care for the material part of charity; a like earnestness for the higher and enduring good of all whom we can benefit."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ONE WAY OF EARNING A LIVING.

Newsboys.

This is written especially for boys. I tell you at the very beginning, so that there may be no mistake about it.

Girls may read what I have to say? Oh, yes, indeed! And if you read for yourselves, instead of being read out loud to, your brothers will be so polite and unselfish, I am sure, as to let you have the paper first. Then I *do* hope you wont forget to thank them when you've finished.

But, as I said before, I'm talking specially to boys this morning. So listen, every one of you.

There are lots and lots of good times in the world for boys, and I hope and think that every single one of you is in them; that you have happy homes, fathers and mothers, or uncles, aunts, and brothers and sisters, who love you dearly; warm, comfortable clothes to wear, everything that is good for you to eat, with a little candy thrown in sometimes to sweeten you up a bit; plenty of books to read, tools and playthings to work and play with, and—*don't* look so surprised—the best of schools to go, where, if you are only willing to study hard, you have but to grow up wise and learned men, without stopping for one moment to think where the money is coming from to pay for it all, or how it is going to be earned. Somebody else does that for you, just as in your turn, perhaps, you will earn money for *your* boys.

Some of you are so fortunate as to live in the country, where, I am sure, you have a speaking acquaintance with every dog, horse, and frisky calf that comes in your way; and between fishing, hunting chipmunks, roaming about for nuts in the fall, digging sweet flag-root, and taking long rambles with your dog over the hills and far away in search of an old gray rabbit another boy told you about, there isn't a moment to spare out of school. And, dear me, I've never even mentioned salting the sheep or going for the cows in the summer, when there's everything, from muskrats to fringed gentian, to be found on the way between home and the ten-acre lot—the coasting, skating, swimming, tree-climbing, and ball playing! *Such* lots of good times, and you country boys all in them!

City boys have good times, too—don't you forget that, either. There are tops to spin, marbles to play, kites to fly and get tangled on the telegraph wires, until the lines look as if they had hung all their messages out to dry after a hard day's washing. There are the parks to visit on a Saturday afternoon, where, between the ponies to ride, the menagerie to visit, the ball-ground to scream and race and get hard knocks on, a boy quite forgets that there is such a thing as bedtime and dinner.

Dear boys, I have used a great deal of paper in naming over a very few of the pleasant things the good God has put in your lives; but I just wanted to remind you how very kind He has been before I began to talk about a very different kind of boy.

A boy whose lines are cast in very different places; who is often hungry, cold, without even the poorest of homes to sleep in in the bitter winter weather; a boy who wears such ragged clothes, the oldest and poorest of shoes, and frequently none at all; whose hands are covered with chilblains, and whose voice is hoarse and tired with shouting all day long, but who tries hard to be honest, works hard for the few pennies he can earn in a day that begins long before you have even thought in your dreams of such a thing as getting up in the morning.

He is of all sorts and kinds, this boy. He is tall and short, little and big; has blue eyes, brown eyes, and black eyes; comes from Italy, Germany, England, Ireland, or is born right here at home; has a pleasant face or a cross one; looks forlorn and sad, or careless and happy; but one and all wear the uniform of old clothes, rags and patches, battered hats, and somebody else's worn-out shoes; are all eager and anxious to sell you something, and that something is—newspapers!

Suppose you take a ride down town with me this morning, and we'll see if we can find any newsboys. No trouble about that at all, if we start, no matter how early. In the middle of the day, when you and I are busiest, the newsboys are resting, or looking for horses to hold, or errands to run on, in hopes of earning an extra penny before it is time for the evening papers to be out.

WAITING FOR A CAR.

See! we haven't ridden quite a block, and there is a newsboy, leaning against the wall, with a smile on his funny, dirty face. He seems to be watching the two forlorn dogs who are growling and making remarks at one another over a stray bone in the gutter; but all the time his sharp eyes have seen our car, and his sharp ears have heard the tinkle of the bell; so, just as it is opposite him, with a rush, a swing, and a bounce, he is on the car-step; the door slides open with a real boy's bang, as he calls out, "Morning pa-*pes! Sun, 'Erald, Times, Tribune,* and *World!* Pa-*pes!*" while his eyes travel wistfully around the car in search of a possible buyer.

Nobody wants one, it seems, so he shuts the door with another bang and goes back to the dogs again, while waiting for the next car.

You haven't taken your eyes off from the first boy hardly when the door flies open again, and here is another one. In his shirt sleeves this one is. I should say shirt *sleeve*, if I spoke correctly; for one is torn from cuff to elbow, and wags gracefully to and fro as the boy runs; but what a thin, blue arm it leaves bare, and how cold his feet must be, in spite of the coating of black mud, almost thick enough for shoes, spread over them! Let's buy a paper of him, he's *so* forlorn.

Five cents, he says the price is, and counts the change out carefully with his grimy little hand. "What a lot of pennies!" you say. Yes, but they don't belong to the boy; he must pay for the papers he sells.

Here is another boy with his bundle of papers under his arm, another, and another. A tall one. A short one next. A hoarse, strong voice shouting papers on one block, and a shrill, piping echo on the next. And do look out of the window at that absurd little figure leaning against the lamp-post. He couldn't stand up possibly under that roll of papers, nearly as long and as large as himself, without the help of the friendly post.

"MORNING PA-PES."

His coat must have belonged to somebody's great-grandfather, before the skirts were cut off all around to give his small feet in their large shoes fair play. Somebody has tied his ears up this chilly morning, and his old fur cap must be a twin brother of his coat, it is so very large, and has survived so many stormy seasons. But what does the small man care! No robin ever chirped more cheerfully of summer and pleasant days from a leafless tree-top on a chilly March morning than this queer little bird chirps his tuneless song of "Morning pa *pes.*"

So it is, block after block, all the way down the bustling, busy city avenue—bobbing under trotting horses' heads, racing up a side street to meet a man who *looks* as if he wanted to

buy a paper, splashing through mud, snow, rain, and fine weather, dodging under policemen's elbows, being nearly run over more times in a day than you have fingers and toes. That is how the newsboys earn their honest pennies and pay for their daily bread.

But where are we going? We are going down in the city to Nassau street, to where the newsboys, who have tried hard but, on account of the stormy weather or other misfortunes, have not been able to sell enough papers to buy themselves a dinner to-day, are fed; and while we're getting there, I'll tell you a little more about the boys, and a funny story besides.

I'll tell the story first, and this is something that I saw myself.

I was going down into the city one morning—and such a rainy morning as it was! It fairly *poured;* the gutters ran tumbling rivers, the spouts were waterfalls, and the rain ran so fast off from the policemen's rubber capes that they looked as if they were the fat seals from the Aquarium out for a stroll. Everybody was damp; the horse-car was damp, the windows were covered with steam, and above the tinkling of the horses' bells and the grinding of the wheels I could hear the dash of the rain.

The car door slid back and in came the newsboy's cry of "Morning papers!" and in walked a newsboy—and *such* a boy!

The water dripped from his shoulders in muddy little streams on the straw; his hat was a soft, black pulp; the water streamed from his hair that wanted cutting; there was not a dry inch of boy. He sadly needed wringing out.

"Dear me!" I said to myself, "what a poor wet boy!" and then, "What a fat boy!" And so he was; though his hands were as thin as birds' claws and his poor cheeks hollow, yet his old black coat was strained across his chest until it seemed as if every button must soon give way. But where were his papers? Not in his dirty hands, nor in his pockets, seven sizes too large as his coat was. Where could they be? I motioned to him that I wanted a paper, just to find out, when he began carefully unbuttoning his coat, and there, stacked about his chest and under his arms, were his newspapers, safe and *dry.* That was how he came to look so very fat; and wasn't that a funny kind of an umbrella?

Now, about the place that we are going to visit. You remember that I said a great many of these boys have no homes at all. Some because their fathers and mothers are dead, others because their fathers or mothers are thieves and have been taken to prison, or are drinking people, who beat and abuse their poor children so terribly they cannot endure it, and run away to live in the streets, sleep in packing-boxes or in dark corners where the policemen cannot find them, and soon learn to lie, swear, and steal, until they are carried off to prison to suffer punishment for what they have done.

Then think how these little children suffer for lack of proper clothes and food. How would you feel if you were barefooted in the bitter winter weather, if your clothes were full of holes for the icy wind to find its way through, if you never had enough to eat, and your only bed on a cold night was an old packing-box on the sidewalk or an empty ash-barrel? Well, just as you would feel and suffer, so many a little newsboy has felt and suffered.

Thirty-one years ago some kind and pitiful gentlemen talked this matter over among themselves, saying: "This will never do; we are rich, we must do something for these boys." And after a good deal of talking and thinking, they organized a society. One of their good works, the one I am taking you to visit to-day, is called "The Needy Newsboy's Relief." And not only are the newsboys furnished with warm dinners free of charge, but many other suffering children are fed and clothed in the winter months. Great pains are taken to find out needy children, who are furnished with tickets, which mean, when they are presented at the society's rooms in Nassau street, a good dinner, help and kindly words that go a long way toward brightening these sad little lives.

A DINNER FOR SEVENTY-FIVE.

Here the newsboys come when times are hard—a rainy day has brought few people out, or some luckier boy has seen the buyers first. And here we are, after threading and twisting about these muddy streets, right at the very door.

Dingy and dirty the hall and stairs are with the tramp of so many feet, but the long, low room we step into when a policeman answers our knock is clean, though bare, and the long wooden table running down the middle of the room is scrubbed as white as plenty of soap and water can make it. Long wooden settees line the walls on both sides. An immense coal stove roars away with a hot fire at one end. Plenty of warmth here if the streets are chilly. One side of the table, the whole length, is thickly dotted with strong soup plates, pewter spoons, and hunches of bread; and here come the boys themselves.

How hungry they look; how their eyes shine as the strong beef soup, thick with vegetables, is poured into each plate; and here they are eating away, a dinner fit for a king—a dinner for seventy-five! The long table is filled again and again during the afternoon, from half-past twelve until four, and this is only one of the rooms where free dinners are given.

Boys are helped here in many ways to get good homes, given warmer clothes, cheered by kind words, and helped along over their rough roads in life by the good people in charge, who never forget Christ's words, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto them, ye do it unto Me."

The boys who made no money this morning are warm and happy after their comfortable dinner, and are starting out again to try harder than ever to earn some pennies before night.

We'll go home now, to think about what we've seen to-day. Next week I'll take you down to one of the lodging-houses where these same boys sleep—the lodging-houses are under charge of the Children's Aid Society—and tell you a little about the boys' life there.

Here we are, safe and sound in the horse-cars again on our way up-town; and, listen, the first edition of the evening papers is out.

"Here you are, *Daily Graphic!*"

"HERE YOU ARE, DAILY GRAPHIC!"

A STORY OF LENT.

The Second Saturday.

BY L. E. E.

"My little daughter looks very dejected this evening," said mamma, as Berta sat gazing gloomily out of the window into the branches of a pine tree, which was creaking and sighing drearily as the wind and rain came beating against it.

"I didn't get to church this morning till the service was almost over, and I've been a little late all this week. I get so discouraged trying—"

Here Berta broke down, and went diving into her pocket in search of her handkerchief.

"Never mind, old Bert," said Jack, giving her an encouraging pat. "You've done first-rate; I never thought you'd keep it up half so long."

"Thank you, Jack," replied Berta, giving him a feeble little smile through her tears.

"I never told you, mamma, how naughty I was to Berta the first day we tried to keep Lent," said Jack, turning red as he made the confession. "I got out of bed and dressed before she was awake, and I went and hid behind the corner of the church to see if she would get there in time; but she was awful late, and I was just going home when I saw her coming. The people were just getting up to go out, and Berta looked so ashamed that I couldn't help putting my head out and whispering, 'Good morning, early bird'; and when Berta saw me she was mad."

"I called Jack an awful name," said Berta, "and that was why I was afraid that God could not forgive me."

"But that wasn't the worst of it," continued Jack. "I teased Alice that day in school. She was arranging her desk, and I threw a paper ball at her and hit her on the nose, and made her spill a little ink; and Nannie Brown told Berta what Alice had done, and Miss Long heard it, and said that if Alice had spilled her ink again she must stand in the corner."

"An' what 'ou sink, mamma?" asked Alice, standing up with her hands clasped behind her, and looking her mamma straight in the face. "I telled a story. I said I didn't spill de ink, an' I wiped it up twick wid my new han'chief."

"That was indeed a day of discouragements," said mamma; "and I am so glad that you have all gone on trying, in spite of that first hard day."

"I am afraid I haven't made much headway," said Berta. "I am always in a hurry; and it seems as if time was something that I was every minute wanting to catch, and as if it was always running away from me. Sometimes I do catch up with it, and then I am so glad; but the first thing I know I look around and it's gone again. It's just taken a great long step and gone way ahead."

"Time never takes those long strides, dear Berta; it is you who stop by the road-side and idle away the precious moments, so that time, although it has gone steadily on, has left you far behind."

"I wish that God would give me some other cross," said Berta. "I'm sure it wouldn't be so hard."

"That reminds me of that sweet little poem of 'The Changed Cross,' which I read to you not long ago. Don't you remember it?" asked mamma.

"I do," said Alice. "It was about a lady dat sought if s'e tould hab some usser tross, s'e would not be af'aid dat s'e would lose her trown; but when s'e went to s'eep s'e dweamed dat s'e saw angels wid silbery wings, an' dat one fai'wer dan all de west telled her to follow him; an' den he taked her to where dere were eber so many trosses; and dere was one bootiful tross of jewels, set in dold; an' s'e dessed s'e would take dat one; so s'e taked it, but it was so heaby s'e tould not tarry it; so s'e looked at all de ussers a long time, and den at last s'e saw a tross of fai'west flowers, an' s'e sought it was lubly; an' s'e wondered dat eberybody hadn't taten it before; but s'e touldn't tarry dat one eiser, for de flowers were full of hidden sorns; but when s'e laid it down de angel telled her dat s'e tould not hab any trown in heaben if s'e did not tarry de tross—"

"Come now, Alice," interrupted Jack. "You might as well talk Latin, with your tross and your trown."

"I remember it now," said Berta, coming to the rescue. "The angel was Christ, and when she recognized Him, she was willing that He should choose her cross for her; and so she followed Him, and found a simple little cross, with only words of love written upon it, and she thought it the best of all the crosses which the Angel had shown her."

"Yes," broke in Alice; "an' when de light from heaben fell upon it, s'e saw it was her own old tross all de time."

"Yes," said mamma; "but it no longer seemed too heavy when she knew that Christ had chosen it for her; and so she said,

"'Whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He sees the end.'"

"I guess my cross is made of patchwork," said Jack, "or else I've got ever so many little crosses, all tied together. Chloe's one of my crosses. She's cross enough anyway," he added, laughing.

"Poor Chloe has had a toothache all day," said mamma; "and it is no wonder that she is a little impatient."

"Some people do have other people for their crosses, don't they?" asked Amy Morgan, a little neighbor, who was spending the day with the children.

"Yes, very often," answered mamma.

"In the place where we used to live," continued Amy, "there were two maiden ladies who lived next door to us. One of them was lovely; her name was Miss Dorothy, and she used to have such beautiful flowers in her garden, and everybody liked her; but Miss Rachel was so cross that nobody could bear her, and she wanted everything about her to look as gloomy as she did, and she wouldn't have anything bright or pretty in the house; so that all the enjoyment Miss Dorothy had was in her garden. One day I heard mother saying to her, 'It's too bad, Miss Dorothy, that Rachel should be allowed to spoil your life. She's a daily cross to you, and a heavier one than you ought to bear. If I were you, I'd go away and live somewhere else, and leave Rachel to Polly and Jane for a while.' Polly was Miss Rachel's parrot, that used to scold all the time, and Jane was a horrid old white woman who lived with them. Miss Dorothy only smiled, and went on cutting some flowers for mother. When she handed them over the hedge she said: 'I was thinking, Mrs. Morgan, of what you said about my cross being heavier than I ought to bear. Don't you believe that God weighs our crosses for us, and makes them just heavy enough? My sister Rachel is the only cross I have, and Christ has bidden us to take up our cross daily and follow Him.'"

"Yes," said mamma. "Christ says, 'He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me.'"

"But why does Christ want us to carry a cross if He loves us?" asked Jack.

"Because we all need one to make us fit for heaven," answered mamma. "Bearing our cross makes us patient and humble, and full of Christian graces, if we bear it rightly. Some of us love the pleasures of the world so much that our cross has to be very heavy to keep us in that narrow path which leads to God. If we had only a little, light cross to carry we would be always running off into dangerous paths—toward some alluring but deadly pleasure. I believe that there are many Christians who are truly grateful to God for the crosses which weigh so heavily upon them, and who come to look upon them as blessings. I once had a friend who for many years had borne a most painful and wearying cross, and she has often told me that her cross seemed to her like a shield which God had given her to ward off sin. Without this shield she felt that she had not the power to resist the temptations which assailed her. As we grow older we come to be afraid of the evil which is in us, and to feel the need of God's chastening rod; and so we come to say, as King David did, 'Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord!'"

"I shouldn't think any one could say that, unless they were real brave," said Jack.

"God trains men so as to make them truly brave," replied mamma; "and pain is part of the discipline which we all need. When it comes, we should not weakly despair, for, as some one has truly said, these times of sorrow are the birth-hours of life, when the soul grows to manhood in a night."

"Joe said that religion was only for women and girls," said Jack. "But I don't believe that, for all the brave men I know are Christians, except Captain Ben, and he's almost one. When I spent the day at the barracks, it was so hot that I went to sleep on his bed after dinner, and I found a prayer book under his pillow. He said he liked to read it because it was his sister's, and she was dead."

"God wants brave men in His army," said mamma; "and our church militant needs brave soldiers to fight for the right. There were never greater heroes than the martyrs who have followed her to battle and died on well-fought fields.

"'To fight the battles of the cross Christ's chosen ones are sent—
Good soldiers and great victors—a noble armament.
They use no earthly weapon, they know not spear or sword,
Yet right and true and valiant is the army of the Lord.'"

PARAGRAPHS.

THE last letter written by the late Princess Alice was a letter of condolence to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the death of Mrs. Tait.

FAWSITT has recorded a curious experiment on the resonance of flames. A tuning-fork struck upon the table, and then held till its sound was inaudible, was placed in the tip of a flame of a Bunsen burner. The sound came out again loud enough to be heard at some

distance. Sir William Thompson explains this by supposing that the flame acts as a resonator, owing to the difference in the density of the gases which it contains.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the inception of the enterprise which resulted in the laying of the first Atlantic cable was celebrated at Mr. Cyrus W. Field's house, in New York, on the evening of Monday, March 10th. Among various despatches received from absent friends was the following, by cable, from Dean Stanley:

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, March 10th.

Blessings from Westminster Abbey on the silver wedding of England and America. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

M. COQUILLION has introduced a portable apparatus, under the name of "grisoumètre," for indicating accumulations of fire-damp. It is founded upon the fact that a red-hot platinum wire decomposes light carburetted hydrogen in presence of steam. A coil of this wire heated by a small electro-magnetic pile, and the rate of decomposition, indicated by the glow of the wire, becomes the measure of the quantity of gas in the air of the mine. Some experiments have been made at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which appear to be quite conclusive that explosions may be, and have been, caused in collieries by the ignition of the fine particles of floating coal-dust.

INSECTS furnish many remarkable examples of analogy between their actions and those devised by intelligent industry. The water gnat, for instance, to keep her eggs afloat in an upright position, so that the tops may be exposed to the air and sun, glues them together side by side, in the form of a boat, which cannot be sunk. Its larva becomes a pupa or chrysalis, from which bursts the gnat, and, until it can fly, it makes use of the old pupa skin as a boat. The notonecta, or water-boatman, turning on its back, converts its own body into a boat, and rows with its long hind pair of legs exactly as with a pair of oars.

Eight years ago the city authorities of London offered a prize for any invention that would enable them to get rid of snow in the streets. Seventeen schemes were submitted. The successful apparatus was at once erected and has been in operation every year since. It consists simply of an inclined plate of iron, fixed below a manhole leading to the main sewer. Under this plate are ranged gas burners. The snow carted from the adjoining thoroughfares is shovelled down the manhole grating, falls on the heated plate, is reduced to water, and passes away down the sewer. The consumption of gas is very moderate, and the cost is said to be much less than that incurred by carting away the snow on the old system. The apparatus, says *The Engineer*, has proved extremely successful, and the invention deserves to be widely adopted.

THE last number of Petermann's *Communications Géographiques* contains fresh estimates of the population of the globe. According to recent researches the population now numbers about 1,439,137,980 souls. This figure, however, is only approximate to the truth, as in the cases of many countries, particularly China, Africa, Australia, and Polynesia, exact data are wanting. Europe has 312,398,480 inhabitants; Asia, 831,000,000; Africa, 205,210,500; Australia and Polynesia, 4,413,000; America, 86,116,000. It is an average of 500 inhabitants for every square mile of the surface of the globe. After having estimated the number of men existing on the earth, the German statisticians next turned their attention to the equine race. The number of horses at present existing on the globe, exclusive of China and Japan, seems to be about 58,000,000. Of this number the contingent of Russia is about 21,750,000; that of the United States, 9,504,000; of the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Germany, 3,352,000; France, nearly 3,000,000; Canada, 2,264,000; Great Britain, 2,225,000; Hungary, 2,179,000; Austria, 1,367,000; Turkey, 1,100,000, etc.

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* narrates the following incident: Gen. Gordon's command struck the flank of the 11th corps on the afternoon of the first day at Gettysburg, and, after a short but desperate conflict, broke its line and swept it from the field. In that fight Gen. Barlow, of New York, commander of the first division, fell, dangerously, and, it was thought, mortally wounded. He was shot directly through the body. Two of his men attempted to bear him through that shower of lead from the field; but one was instantly killed, and Gen. Barlow magnanimously said to the other, "You can do me no good, save yourself if you can." Gordon's brigade of Georgians, in its wild charge, swept over him, and he was found by Gen. Gordon himself, lying with upturned face in that hot July sun, nearly paralyzed and apparently dying. Gen. Gordon dismounted from his horse, gave him a drink of water from his canteen, and inquired of Gen. Barlow his name and wishes. Gen. Barlow replied, "I shall live probably but a short time. Please take from my breast-pocket the packet of my wife's letters and read one of them to me"; which was done. He then asked that the others be torn up, as he did not wish them to fall into other hands. This Gordon did, and then asked: "Can I do anything else for you, general?" "Yes," replied Barlow, earnestly, "my wife is behind our army; can you send a message through the lines?" "Certainly, I will," said Gordon; and he did, when, directing Barlow to be borne to the shade of a tree in the rear, he rode on with his command. The wife received the message and came harmlessly through the lines of battle, and found her husband, who eventually recovered. Since Gen. Gordon's election to the United States Senate both he and Gen. Barlow were invited to a dinner party in Washington, and occupied opposite seats at the table. After introductions, Gen. Gordon said: "Gen. Barlow, are you related to the officer of your name who was killed at Gettysburg?" "I am the man," said Barlow. "Are you related to the Gordon who is supposed to have killed me?" "I am the man," said Gordon. The hearty greeting which followed the touching story, as related to the interested guests by Gen. Barlow, and the thrilling effect upon the company, can better be imagined than described.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the league aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York.

OFFERINGS FOR JOPPA, PALESTINE.

Donations for Joppa Mission School are needed. Over seventy poor native boys are daily instructed in the Scriptures, and many receive food and clothing. Fifty cents a week, or an annual gift of $25, supports one poor boy. Gifts received by the Treasurer, Foreign Missions, 23 Bible House, New York; Messrs. DREXEL & Co., Philadelphia; Messrs. DREXEL, HAYES & Co., Paris; and by Mrs. A. M. HAY, Jaffa, Palestine.

A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.—VITALIZED PHOSPHATES, composed of the nerve-giving principle of the ox-brain and wheat-germ. They correct all weaknesses of mind or body; relieve nervousness; give vitality in the insufficient growth of children; strengthen digestion; cure neuralgia, and *prevent* consumption. Physicians have prescribed 160,000 packages. F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Avenue. For sale by Druggists.

DEAFNESS RELIEVED—without pain. For particulars address VERRY & HARPER, Madison, Indiana.

THE HARTFORD WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS COMPANY.

More than one hundred and fifty thousand of the Hartford Woven Wire Mattresses are in actual use in families, hotels, insane asylums, and hospitals, where their advantages are appreciated. Composed of spiral spring coils, interlocked with each revolution, and extending longitudinally on a suitably strong frame, a web is formed, which, when subjected to a tensile strain, becomes a superior bed-bottom.

Bodies of unequal weight may rest upon it and never experience the discomfort of gravitating toward the centre of the bed. The Elastic Woven Wire fabric conforms with the body, showing only gentle and proportionate depressions on its surface.

Composed of metal, with a highly polished surface, it offers no opportunity to become impure, either from the lodgment of fibrous matter or the harboring of vermin. As cleanliness is the chief consideration for the preservation of health, it is therefore evident that this article conduces more to health than any other sleeping arrangement known to the public. For all uses it is not only healthful, but economical. For hospital and asylum use, especially where the temperature is uniformly even, one or two thicknesses of blankets are sufficient for the covering mattress to make a comfortable, healthful, and economical bed. No disinfectants are necessary, as the light-covering mattresses are quickly removed when cleansing is needed, and replaced without delay, without entailing any expense beyond the time consumed in cleaning. The uniform interstices of the wire fabric, with a very thin covering for mattress, admits of a free circulation of air through the bed. For private use, a very thin hair mattress forms an exceedingly comfortable and inexpensive bed.

For shipment to remote points, these goods are packed in "Knock Down" condition, by which there is a large saving in freight, and injury to the mattress is avoided.

The names of a few of the public institutions using this mattress, together with a number of testimonials, are given in the pages of our *illustrated* catalogue, which will be sent on application to

THE HARTFORD WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

Special Notices.

THE ARLINGTON,

Cobourg, Ontario, Canada, is situated on the shores of Lake Ontario, and commands a perfect view of that magnificent lake—in a cool climate—the air most invigorating and healthy, and is one of the best and cheapest hotels in the Dominion.

The house is built of brick, heated with steam, and lighted with gas. Its grounds are large, with fine shade trees and lawn.

The hotel is only a few minutes' walk from the principal churches, colleges, and the post-office.

Daily communication by rail and Lake steamers with Toronto, Montreal, and Rochester.

Terms, from $7 to $15 per week, Children and nurses $5 per week.

The New Drying Process invented by Mr. George Woods, the ingenious Organ and Piano maker, of Cambridge, Mass., is proving of much advantage to all who dry materials of any kind (particularly lumber), and has lately been introduced into Cotton and Woollen Factories with great success. It is very simple and inexpensive: can be used in any form of dry-room, and not only accomplishes the work in one-fourth the time, but greatly improves the quality of the material. The tendency to fires in the dry-room is also very much lessened.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking **Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic,** the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Prop's, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

SARATOGA SPRINGS IN WINTER.

DR. STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE has Turkish, Russian, Hydropathic, and Electric Baths. Equalizer and other valuable facilities for treating *Nervous, Lung,* Female, and other diseases.

Prices reduced. Send for Circular.

INSTRUCTION.

SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL,
Faribault, Minnesota.
FULL THEOLOGICAL COURSE, Also PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.
School Year begins September 21st.
Address Rev. GEORGE L. CHASE, Warden.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH,
Sewanee, Tennessee.
Highest education on Christian principles. Grammar School. Cadet corps. *Charges moderate.* The Spring Term opens March 20th. Address CHAIRMAN.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN
TEACHERS' AGENCY,
23 Union Square, New York,
Supplies Colleges, Schools, and Families with thoroughly competent Professors, Principals, and Teachers for every department of instruction. Families going abroad or to the country for the summer can also be promptly suited with superior Tutors or Governesses. Call on or address Miss M. J. YOUNG, American and Foreign Teachers' Agency, 23 Union Square, New York.

"AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE," Established 1855, Families, Schools, Colleges promptly provided with TEACHERS of KNOWN CALIBRE and CHARACTER. Parents safely advised of good schools for their children. Reliable Teachers represented for suitable positions. Circulars, with highest endorsements, on application.
J. W. Schermerhorn, A.M., Sec'y.
30 E. 14th street, near University Place, New York.

CANADA.
HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE,
LONDON, ONTARIO.
Handsome and spacious buildings, and new Chapel. Unsurpassed for situation and healthfulness. *Ventilation heating,* and *drainage* perfect.
The GROUNDS comprise 140 acres of land.
President and Founder the Right Rev. I. Hellmuth, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Huron
The aim of the founder of this College is to provide the highest intellectual and practically useful education for the daughters of gentlemen *at very moderate charges.*
The whole system is based upon the soundest PROTESTANT CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES as the only solid basis for the right formation of character.
FRENCH is the language spoken in the College, and a *French service is held in the Chapel every Sunday afternoon.*
The College is under the persona supervision of the Bishop, with a large staff of English and Foreign Professors. The MUSICAL Department is under the management of MISS CLINTON, who holds certificates from SIR STERNDALE BENNETT and CIPRIANI POTTER.
Board, Washing, and Tuition Fees, including the whole course of English, and Ancient and Modern Languages, Calisthenics, Drawing and Painting, use of Piano and Library, Medical attendance and Medicines, $350 per annum.
A liberal reduction for the daughters of clergymen.
For "Circulars" and full particulars, address the Rev. JAS. J. HILL, M.A., Resident Principal, or MISS CLINTON, Lady Principal, Hellmuth Ladies' College.

DE VEAUX COLLEGE
Suspension Bridge, Niagara Co., N. Y.
CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
Prepares for the Universities, U. S. Military Academy, Naval School, or business. Twenty Foundation Scholarships. Rev. GEO. HERBERT PATTERSON, A.M., Pres.

DUFFERIN COLLEGE
(Late HELLMUTH BOYS' COLLEGE),
Under the patronage of His Excellency Earl Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, and the Lord Bishop of Huron.
Tuition in all branches except Music and Drawing, with Board and Washing, $250 per annum. Pupils entering *under twelve,* $200 per annum for the entire course. Military discipline and drill. Inexpensive uniform. Yearly scholarships payable in advance from any date, at a reduction of $50. Address
Rev. H. F. DARNELL, D.D., Principal, London, Ontario

EPISCOPAL ACADEMY OF CONNECTICUT.
The Rev. S. J. HORTON D.D., Principal.
Assisted by five resident teachers. A Junior and Senior Department, each occupying a separate building. Terms: Juniors, $375 per annum; Seniors, $400 per annum. Special terms for Sons of the Clergy. Three sessions in the year. The next session begins September 11th, 1878. For circulars, address the Principal, Cheshire, Conn.

HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS, Brattleboro, Vt.
Reopens May 1st, 1879. Offers peculiar advantages as to care and instrtction. School in session during the entire summer. For circulars with references and particulars, address until April 12th, Mrs. EMMA J. IVES, Prin., 10 Cambridge Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.; after that date, Brattleboro, Vt.

MADAME CLEMENT'S SCHOOL,
FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
GERMANTOWN, PENN. (ESTABLISHED 1857.
The School will reopen Wednesday, September 18th.)
For Circulars apply to MISS E. CLEMENT.

MISS F. A. WHITE,
An Experienced Teacher of the Piano,
desires private pupils. Refers to Dr. William Mason. For terms and other information, address or apply at No. 11 West Eleventh Street, New York.

POUGHKEEPSIE FEMALE ACADEMY,
Rev. D. G. WRIGHT, D.D., Rector.
The facilities for a thorough and finished education are second to none, while no effort is spared to make this a REFINED, CHRISTIAN, AND HAPPY HOME FOR PUPILS. For circulars, containing terms, references, etc., please address the RECTOR, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

RUGBY ACADEMY,
Wilmington, Delaware.
A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
References: Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Bishops Lay, Lee, Pinkney, and many others. Terms $250 to $300 per annum
For Catalogue address
DR. SAMUEL W. MURPHY, A.M., Principal.

INSTRUCTION.

SEASIDE HOME, ASBURY PARK, N. J.,
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. Reopens Sept. 19th, 1878.
Address MISS J. ROSS, Principal.

SIGLAR'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
NEWBURGH, N. Y.
Preparation of boys for Yale a specialty. Our graduates are taking the highest rank at Yale and Williams, by entering their sons at 10, or not later than 12 years of age, parents will gain largely in time, expense, and thoroughness of preparation. *Hints to Parents* sent on application. Correspondence solicited. Address
HENRY W. SIGLAR, A.M.

ST. CATHARINE'S HALL,
DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
The Eleventh year of this school will begin Sept. 12th, Miss MARTHA E. DAVIS, Principal. For circulars address the Rev. SAMUEL UPJOHN, Rector, Augusta, Me.

ST. CATHARINE'S HALL
DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
286 Washington Ave., near DeKalb Ave.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Under the Charge of the Deaconesses of Long Island. Half-yearly terms begin St. Matthew's Day (Sept. 21st.) and Feb. 11th. Rector, Rt. Rev. A. N. LITTLEJOHN D.D. Bishop of Long Island.

ST. GABRIEL'S SCHOOL
Peekskill, N. Y.
This School will reopen on Monday, Sept. 23d, 1878. Address as above, The Mother Superior, Sisters of S. Mary.

ST. MARGARET'S DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
WATERBURY, CONN.,
Advent Term will open (D.V.) Wednesday, Sept. 18th, 1878.
The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M.A. Rector.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL,
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN.
Nos. 21 and 23 West Thirty-second Street,
Between Broadway and Fifth Ave., New York
Rev. THEODORE IRVING LL.D., Rector.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,
8 East 46th Street, New York.
The Sisters of St. Mary will reopen their School on Monday, September 23d, 1878. Address the SISTER SUPERIOR, as above.

ST. MARY'S HALL, Faribault, Minn.
Rt. Rev. H. B. WHIPPLE, D.D., Rector.
Miss S. P. DARLINGTON, Principal.
Is under the personal supervision of the Bishop, with 11 experienced teachers. It offers superior advantages for education, with an invigorating and healthy climate. The Thirteenth year will begin Sept. 10th. For Catalogue address The Rev. JAMES STARR CLARK D.D. Rector.

TRINITY SCHOOL, TIVOLI-ON-THE-HUDSON.
Healthful location; home comforts; thorough training, assiduous care of health, manners, and morals, and the exclusion of bad boys, can all be found in this school. The Twelfth year will begin Sept. 10th. For Catalogue address The Rev. JAMES STARR CLARK D.D. Rector.

SILVER-PLATED WARE,
MANUFACTURED BY THE
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
46 East 14th Street,
Union Square, New York.

DO YOU SLEEP on the HARTFORD WOVEN-WIRE MATTRESS?
This most useful and luxurious bed is of very moderate cost. No bedding is required for softness, though in the cool seasons, of course, enough is required for warmth. For hot weather it is unequalled—cool, comfortable, healthy. In cold weather a light Hair Mattress upon Woven Wire is the extreme of luxury. It is the best Mattress in use. Investigate its merits. Circulars free to any address. Write THE WOVEN-WIRE MATTRESS CO., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.; or, H. R. Williams, New York Agent, 250 Canal Street.

WOOD CARPET CO.,
31 East 17th St. (Union Sq.), New York.
PARQUET AND INLAID FLOORS,
WOOD BORDERS FOR RUGS,
In New and Elegant Designs,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
Send 3-cent stamp for Book of Designs.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Our Great Specialty is *growing* and *distributing* these **Beautiful Roses.** *We deliver* **Strong Pot Plants,** suitable for *immediate* bloom, *safely by mail* at all post-offices. **5 Splendid Varieties,** *your choice,* all labeled, for **$1; 12** for **$2. 19** for **$3 26** for **$4; 35** for **$5; 75** for **$10; 100** for **$13.** ☞Send for our **New Guide to Rose Culture**—60 pages, elegantly illustrated—and *choose* from over **Five Hundred Finest Sorts.** Address
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

BLISS' SELECT GARDEN SEEDS.
1,500 Varieties **Rare and Beautiful Flower Seeds.**
500 Varieties **Choice Vegetable Seeds.**
500 Varieties **Seed Potatoes.**
SELECTED SEEDS of all the leading and improved varieties of ROOT and FORAGE CROPS for FIELD CULTURE, consisting of CARROTS, MANGEL WURTZEL, and SUGAR BEETS, CORN, TURNIPS, RUTA BAGA, GRASS SEEDS, etc., FERTILIZERS, GARDEN TOOLS, SMALL FRUITS, FLOWERING PLANTS, and other REQUISITES for the FARM and GARDEN.
A complete descriptive and priced list of the above, with directions for culture, will be found in
B. K. BLISS & SONS'
HAND-BOOK for the FARM & GARDEN
136 pages, beautifully illustrated, invaluable to all interested in gardening, mailed to all applicants enclosing 10 cents. Regular customers supplied free. Address
B. K. BLISS & SONS,
P. O. Box 4129. 34 Barclay street, New York city.

SEEDS.
ALFRED BRIDGEMAN,
876 Broadway, New York,
Grower, Importer, and Dealer in
VEGETABLE, FIELD,
AND
FLOWER SEEDS.
My annual priced Catalogue is now ready, and mailed free to all applicants. It contains all the leading and popular sorts of **Vegetable, Field, and Flower Seeds,** including the most desirable novelties of the past season.

TREES
ROCHESTER
COMMERCIAL NURSERIES.
Hardy Trees, Shrubs, Vines, and Plants, per dozen, 100, and 1000. **FINE ROSES a specialty.** New Spring **Price-List** now ready, and sent **free** to all applicants. **Ornamental Catalogue** (illustrated), **10c. Fruit Catalogue, 6c.** Both free to customers. Fine, thrifty stock and low prices. W. S. LITTLE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SPLENDID FLOWERS OVER 1200 Distinct Varieties.
All strong Plants, each labelled, delivered safely by mail **Largest assortment. Low prices.** In business **25 Years.** *Guarantee satisfaction.* Stock comprises *all desirable varieties.* Only mature plants sent. Our new **Illustrated Hand-Book,** sent free, contains name and description of each plant, with instructions for successful cultivation. *Do not purchase Plants elsewhere before sending for our new* HAND-BOOK. All *lovers* of *flowers* should have *our* Every buyer of *cheap plants* should have it. Every one wanting *new* and *choice plants* should send for our *Hand-Book.* HOOPES, BROTHER & THOMAS,
CHERRY HILL NURSERIES, West Chester, Pa.

BOWKER'S AMMONIATED
Food for Flowers.
Send two ten cent pieces wrapped and enclosed in a letter for trial package sufficient for twenty plants for three months, including a little book on "How to make House Plants Bloom," by Professor Maynard, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. **BOWKER FERTILIZER CO., 43 Chatham Street, Boston; 3 Park Place, New York.**

THE MOST RELIABLE
TRUNKS
BAGS, VALISES, &c.,
ARE MADE BY
CROUCH & FITZGERALD,
556 BROADWAY, BELOW PRINCE ST.,
1 COURTLANDT ST., COR. BROADWAY
SOLE LEATHER TRUNKS.
FINE DRESS TRUNKS.